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THE WHIG CZAR AND THE DERBYITE TURKS.

THE situation of the Derbyite Administration is not very unlike that of the Turkish Empire before the Crimean war. Lord PALMERSTON and his admirers are anxious, above all things, to persuade the world that the man is very sick, but their solicitude is probably rather that of expectant heirs than of healing physicians. Whether or not a finger-post has yet been erected in the court-yard of Cambridge House, inscribed "The Road to Downing-street," our fashionable contemporary does not inform us. If rumour, however, is not more than usually mendacious, a political *coup d'état* is to be attempted as soon as Parliament has reassembled. The Menschikoffs of the ex-Treasury Bench are already tying fresh knots in their whips. The Greek Patriarchate did not lust after the domes of Stamboul more greedily than the Evangelical Conference longs after the emoluments and preferment of which it has tasted enough to excite its cupidity, but too little to satisfy its greed. No doubt the Tartars of Brookes's will take the field with the benediction of Exeter Hall, and unctuous divines who have their aprons all ready in their pockets will be seen serving out spiritual raki to expectant Privy Seals in the lobby. Sir W. HAYTER, in the mystical order of T.P., with the collar of S.S. round his throat, will rush into the fray, and the *labarum* of Palmerston, Purity, and Preferment will rally the faithful to victory. For ardent and trustful spirits this enchanting picture will have irresistible attractions. At the risk, however, of being charged with hardness and incredulity, we must be permitted to mitigate our enthusiasm at the happy "revival"—we use the term in its Transatlantic signification—which is promised us. When the officially inspired prophets of Whiggism foretel, in dithyrambic exultation—

Jam redit et Virgo redeunt Saturnia regna—

we are prosaic enough to remember that it is CLANRICARDE who will play the part of *Virgo*, and that the Saturn who is to give us back the reign of primitive innocence and bliss had contracted the bad habit of devouring his own children. Before we aid the expelled dynasty to regain their seats on the official Olympus, we must claim the right to reflect how far the usurpation of Toryism is a greater evil to our race than the saturnalia of Whiggism.

We find that we are thought very unreasonable because we do not express ourselves satisfied with any of the forms of punishment to which we are, or possibly may be, subjected. The accusation is not a new one. We remember somewhere to have read of a wretched individual, who to his other misfortunes added that of an obstinate reluctance when the choice was offered to him whether he would be drowned, hanged, or flogged to death. When so liberal a latitude was offered to him, his perversity in cavilling at all the alternatives was naturally held to argue a perverse and self-sufficient spirit. There are few things so plausible, and certainly nothing so inconclusive, as a dilemma. We are told—"If you are not Palmerstonians, you must be Derbyites; and *à converso*, if you are not Derbyites, you must be Palmerstonians." If that be so, we confess we are of all men most miserable, for we are sorry to say we find ourselves to be neither. In California, we are told that all foreigners are ranked either as *Eyetalian*s or *darned Dutchmen*. What the feelings of a Frenchman may be under the operation of this somewhat arbitrary classification we are not told, but we can conceive that they must be something like our own in the election which is tendered to us.

The truth is, opinion—as the most orthodox communions have universally found—is not a matter for compulsion, hardly even of volition. It is all very well to say that if you do not believe in the POPE you must put your faith in CALVIN, but there are a great many people who

are perverse and unhappy enough to believe in neither. Of course such wretches come under the ban of both creeds, and all difficulties are resolved by the formula which is known to logicians as the *solvitur dammando* argument. Still this is a state of things which has always existed, and will probably continue to exist. We are told that this journal has no party. "Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true." We have already been compelled to plead guilty to the shameful charge—we have even gone further, and disburthened our conscience by confessing that we have not even a patron. The smile of no NEWDEGATE cheers our thankless toil—no Embassy confides to our breasts the secrets of Europe. We are the panegyrist of no Emperor—no Minister with social assiduities woos our confidence. If we can find any comfort in this desolate isolation, it is perhaps in the circumstance that the public at large seems to be exactly of our mind.

We do not profess to admire either the principles or the composition of the present Administration, yet we are by no means in a hurry to conspire for its summary ejection. If this be a paradox, it is one which we are prepared to justify. To revert to the illustration with which we began, the position of Ministers on the political chess-board is very much that of the Turks at Constantinople. It is possible to endure Lord DERBY, and even to be willing to protect him, without professing a preference for a false creed or apologizing for the vices of a bad Government. This is, in fact, the less necessary, for the faith of modern Toryism sits very lightly on its votaries. Indeed, its chiefs, in order to conciliate alliances, have promulgated a sort of liberal Hatti-Scherif. It is true that this does not give us a very high opinion of their honesty or sincerity. They have become Mahometans who drink wine, and Jews who eat pork—they are recreant Tories, but not yet converted Liberals. Whatever we may think of their good faith, this at least makes them easier to deal with. If they had been the real persecuting Moslems of the old kind, the Christians could hardly have tolerated them; but for all practical purposes these wet Turks can be made to do pretty much as we like. They have already cast off their turbans, and keep the Koran in the background. They may perhaps cherish in secret a few harmless superstitions—they may turn to the shrines of their former faith, and pray with their faces towards the Mecca of Protection—but they know better than to allow their superannuated creed to stand in the way of their precarious power, and they lick the feet of the infidels on whom they once spat. They may exclaim in their own hearts "Allah Bismillah!" but they suffer railroads to be laid down in Smyrna, and encourage steamboats to ply in the Bosphorus. They are passive instruments in the hands of a civilization which is not their own; and under our direction the political Dardanelles are as free in their hands as if the castles were in our own keeping. Lord DERBY may be permitted to hold the seals of the Treasury on the same ground that the SULTAN was invested with the insignia of the "Blessed Martyr St. George."

Statesmen may view an Administration which they cannot approve in the same light as they regarded the occupation of Constantinople by the Porte. The Government of Lord DERBY is, for the moment, the only defence for the general interests of the country against the aggressive schemes of a dangerous and mischievous ambition. The return of Lord PALMERSTON to office at this moment would be a national calamity. The present Government may be in the situation of the "sick man," but his death-bed must be defended from the clutch of the CZAR. We are not to be deluded by Lord PALMERSTON's Liberal professions any more than by the solicitude for the Christian populations which NICHOLAS so loudly proclaimed. It is enough that the Liberal party had once given themselves over, bound hand and foot, into the grasp of a despotic power; but they have delivered themselves by a

violent effort from a yoke which had become intolerable, and they will be more foolish than the birds of the air if the snare of the fowler is not set before their eyes in vain. Whether we regard the foreign or the domestic policy of England, the resuscitation of the lately-buried Administration would be equally disastrous. The state of Europe is such that a revival of our late complicity with the cause of despotism would fatally compromise the last hope and refuge of liberty. We have great cause to rejoice in the blow which has struck dismay in the Courts of Vienna and Paris, who pour forth sincere lamentations over the fall of Lord PALMERSTON. The revelations in the Neapolitan negotiations have taught us what the reputation of England and the cause of freedom have to expect from the benign influences of a "spirited foreign policy." Whatever may be the natural sympathies or hereditary policy of a Tory Government, the necessities of their situation have imposed upon them a conduct far more in accordance with the dignity of the English people than that of an Administration which had usurped the conduct and betrayed the interests of the liberal cause. We know what course a Tory Minister may be compelled to adopt under the pressure of public opinion—we also know what is to be expected of a Whig dictator invested with absolute power.

Grave as are the dangers from which our foreign relations have been lately rescued, the mischiefs impending over our domestic policy were not less menacing. It is admitted that the flagrant abuse of the patronage of the Crown had at least as much to do with the popular reaction against the PALMERSTON Government as the Conspiracy Bill. But what security is there, or can there be, against the revival of similar outrages under the same auspices? After a certain time of life Ethiopians do not change their skins, or leopards their spots. A Minister of necessity is not likely to be less reckless than a popular favourite. Power regained by a process of exhaustion will only breed fresh insolence and fresh contempt. We have some warnings, on the other side of the Channel, of the degradation to which political society may be reduced when it allows itself to be dragged into a Dictatorship.

We are told that what we should above all things desire is a "strong Government." We shall not stay to analyse a phrase which seems to have pretty much the same significance in the mouths of the Whig organs as it bears in the official journals of Paris. It is enough to say that, if Lord PALMERSTON were to return to office, it would not be as the head of a "strong Government." A year ago, the late Premier had the opportunity, if he had possessed the capacity, to make a strong Government, but he cast that opportunity away in a manner which forbids a renewal of the attempt. A politician who, having obtained (no matter how) the unbounded confidence of the country and the support of a great Parliamentary majority, contrived in so short a period to alienate the whole public mind, and to exasperate his own party into a spirit of bitter personal hostility, is not likely to return with a better hope of success to an undertaking ten times more difficult than that in which he has already egregiously failed. We see no reason to modify the opinion which we expressed before the fall of the late Administration, that the breach between Lord PALMERSTON and the Liberal Party is final and incurable.

It is said that the country must have a Government. In a certain sense this is undoubtedly true, and it is for that very reason that we should deprecate the attempt to displace a weak but harmless Administration by one which would probably be no stronger, but certainly much more mischievous. The truth is that, for the present, in the absence of any one fit to direct affairs, the country must govern itself through the instrumentality of Parliament and public opinion. So far as the mere Executive is concerned, the present officials are about equal in calibre to their predecessors; and with reference to questions of general policy, Lord DERBY's Mansion House oration proves that his Cabinet, if not very sagacious, is at least disposed to be very docile. What we have suffered so fatally from during the last two years has been the neutralization and political extinction of the Liberal party, under a leader who borrowed their name and betrayed their principles. Now that they have secured their independence, their cause may be asserted, and their weight is sure to be felt. Nothing can reduce them to their late insignificance, except a repetition of their recent blunder. The horse who suffered a bit to be put in his mouth, in order that he might be ridden in pursuit of the stag, had bitter cause to repent his folly. There are plenty of gentlemen at Brooks'

all booted and spurred (and, for aught we know, well up in Mr. RAREY's secret), who are holding out the sieve. If we may be permitted to tender our advice to the unsuspecting quadruped, it would be, not to let the noose be put over his head. He will find it more to his interest to let his natural enemy the stag alone, than to invite his friend the rough-rider to stick his heels into his flanks, and throw him on his haunches with the curb.

Liberal politicians have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by the return of Lord PALMERSTON to power. As an independent and powerful Opposition, they will virtually control a weak and squeezable Administration, but should they sell themselves a second time to half-a-dozen Whig gentlemen, they will have no right to complain if they are served again as they have been served before. Indications are not wanting to show that this view has already forced itself on a large portion of the independent members of the Opposition benches. We are sure that the mischief is one which all parties who have the interests of the country at heart, may lawfully and wisely strive to avert. Till there is some chance of an honest Liberal Government, let us at all events keep a real Liberal Opposition; and, above all, let us not sacrifice the substance we possess for the sham of which we are so happily rid.

THE INDIA BILL.

MR. DISRAELI'S statement, though it startled and amused the House of Commons, conveyed an inadequate impression of the accumulated absurdities contained in Lord ELLENBOROUGH's Bill. The constitution of the Council admitted neither of concealment nor of parody; but the speech of the mover left its functions in doubt, and the difficulty is not removed by the clauses of the Bill itself. The Council is to conduct the home business and the public correspondence with India; and yet it is provided that every proposed communication or order to be made in the United Kingdom, shall, "unless the same has been submitted to a meeting of the Council," be placed for a certain time in the council-room, for the perusal of the members. It is evident, therefore, that the Minister, who is in all cases to exercise the final decision, may at his pleasure deprive his colleagues of the initiative, although his irresponsible power will only rest on an inference from the language of the Bill. The important question of patronage is involved in still more hopeless obscurity. Appointments and admissions to the service are vested in her MAJESTY, or, in other words, in the Prime Minister and the patronage Secretary of the Treasury; but in a proviso it is enacted that the names of persons recommended by the Council shall be submitted to her MAJESTY by the Secretary of State, while, by a previous clause, questions relating to such appointments and admissions are to be decided by a numerical majority. Lord ELLENBOROUGH may perhaps have intended to vest in the individual members of the Council the patronage which is at present enjoyed by the Directors; but the nominal transfer of all appointments to the Crown is at best an awkward and suspicious contrivance.

Criticism, however, on a measure universally condemned, is equally useless and irksome. To the charges which have been originated or repeated by every public writer in England, the accused Ministers, through the mouth of Lord DERBY, have already pleaded guilty. The LORD MAYOR's cherished aspirations have been gratified not only by the honour of entertaining the PREMIER, but by the confidential communication of his intended policy to the company assembled at the Mansion House. The Bill is, it appears, to be thrown over, with or without a substitute, as the House of Commons may be inclined; but if Lord DERBY has any leaning on the question, it would seem that he considers the government of the Company wholly unobjectionable, and that he thinks that organic changes, even if they were desirable, are peculiarly ill-timed at the present moment. The City voters who were to be bribed by the nomination of one of the Councillors, are treated with as little respect as if they were so many non-enlisted Kroomen. Mr. DISRAELI himself, addressing their municipal representatives, forgets the very existence of the constituency which he solemnly recommended the House of Commons to adopt only a fortnight since. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, for the second time during his brief tenure of office, finds himself virtually disavowed by his colleagues. His supercilious declaration to the House of Lords, that he regarded the Court of Directors as a body of private individuals, receives a merited commentary in the

contempt which his own project of Indian legislation has called forth. The Company, though it may have been condemned by the House of Commons, is a more respectable body than an abortive embryo which will never be quickened into a fully formed Council.

The people of England have, perhaps, some right to complain of the party leaders by whom they are content to be governed according to an established rotation. Power, patronage, and salary in office, with political influence and the command of social deference even in opposition, ought to purchase, if not patriotism, statesmanship, or wisdom, at least ordinary sagacity in discerning public opinion, and common sense in the management of parties and of affairs. The country may reasonably expect that a Minister whom no one desires to overthrow should possess sufficient skill and prudence to keep an easy seat. When Lord PALMERSTON had caused a change of Government by a series of wanton and transparent blunders, there was a general disposition to abstain from disturbing his successor; and the most popular appointment in the new Government was, perhaps, that of the President of the Board of Control. Parliament would have acquiesced in the postponement of Indian legislation to a future session; but Lord DERBY would have acted most prudently if he had so far carried out the decision of the House of Commons as to substitute, in formal proceedings, the name of the QUEEN for that of the Company, simplifying at the same time the relations between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control. If the interests of India were to be put out of consideration, acquiescence in Lord PALMERSTON'S Bill might have obviated Parliamentary opposition; but the worst possible course was to embody the obnoxious principle of the rival project in a cumbersome and impracticable measure. The Mansion House appeal to the tolerance and good offices of critics and adversaries is at once undignified and useless. It is the business of the Government to frame measures on its own responsibility, and to submit them to the judgment of Parliament. If Lord DERBY was not convinced that Lord ELLENBOROUGH'S scheme of Indian Government was desirable, he ought either to have devised an alternative, or to have abstained from proposing a change. His professions of readiness to accept miscellaneous suggestions would have been less inappropriate if they had preceded the introduction of the Bill.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH possibly desired that his Council should become a reality, while Lord PALMERSTON may be acquitted of any definite wish on the subject; but in both cases the working of the institution would be independent of the intention of the legislator. The recognised difficulty of creating new centres of power renders wise statesmen cautious in tampering with any established authority. Parliament has often experienced its inability to transfer to any new functionary a portion of its own omnipotence. The great Officers of State—Secretaries and Chancellors of the Exchequer—have grown into unforeseen importance at the expense of dignitaries of higher pretensions. The First Commissioner of the Treasury has, by a series of accidents, become Prime Minister, and the Cabinet which governs the country is unknown to the law and to the older form of the constitution. Experience has shown that there is a limit to the number of effective Ministers; and in the course of the present reign, half-a-dozen attempts to create subordinate departments have altogether broken down. Even the Secretary for War, though he consolidates in himself the powers of several offices which existed previously, still finds that the boundary between his own authority and the privileges of the Horse Guards is indefinite, shifting, and unsatisfactory. The Commissioner of Railways and the Minister of Health have already disappeared from the official list; and the Vice-President of the Privy Council, though the title is only two or three years old, enjoys but a rickety and probably ephemeral existence.

There has hitherto been no instance of a working Board by the side of a Minister. The experiment has been often tried, and has invariably failed, although two Presidents in the Cabinet still recall the memory of their extinct or imaginary colleagues. The Board of Trade and the Board of Control once furnished a supply of sinecures for the purpose of rewarding docile members of the House of Commons; but GIBBON exercised as little influence upon Trade and Plantations as if his salary had taken the form of a pension granted in reward of his literary achievements. The power always rested with the head of the department, and the work was done by clerks and secretaries directly responsible to their chief. There is every reason to suppose

that the Indian Minister, under the new constitution, will exercise the discretion reposed in him under either of the proposed Bills, by setting his semi-dependent colleagues aside; and if any question should arise as to the assumption of exclusive authority, the House of Commons will invariably support the Parliamentary Minister against a body of obscure and irresponsible officials. In a short time, the body which is to be substituted for the Court of Directors will be reduced to employ itself in formalities, such as those which periodically occupy the great dignitaries summoned to the Privy Council. Except for the absurdity of Lord ELLENBOROUGH'S machinery, there is no serious difference between the rival constitutions of a Board which will soon become a fiction.

The Double Government was possible and useful because it was double, so that the Directors had the means of asserting the portion of independence which was allowed them by law. Both the late and the present Ministry profess to acknowledge the necessity of a check, while they destroy the separate existence which was the indispensable condition of its operation. The reason that a balloon cannot be steered like a ship is that the rudder and the motive power act in a single element. Seventy years ago, it might have been plausibly contended that the Company and the Board of Control could not act together without inextricable confusion; but the difficulty has been practically solved, and Lord DERBY'S eloquence is taxed to describe the advantageous results which have ensued. The new system professedly retains the special knowledge and exclusive devotion to Indian interests which characterized the Directors; but in converting the members of an independent body into subordinate functionaries, it really excludes them from all share in the Government.

THE CAGLIARI AFFAIR.

IF the King of NAPLES had only obtained the throne on which he sits by violence or fraud, instead of obtaining it by right of birth, he would perhaps fulfil all the conditions which the advocates of democratic despotism require in a perfect king. His government rests, as those theorists desire, on an army and a mob; and the army is as mercenary, and the mob as uneducated, as any philosopher flirting with steel and the "proletariat" can desire. Over the affluent and educated classes he exercises that sort of terrorism the yearning for which seems to have supplanted Rousseauism and Byronism in a certain literary circle. Like NERO and CALIGULA, he is absolute enough to "possess a veto on all acts of oppression," and it cannot be said, in his case any more than in theirs, that the prerogative is overstrained. His legitimacy, though to be regretted, is scarcely more than a nominal objection, since he is as free as the coarsest usurper from those restraints of chivalrous feeling and venerable tradition which ordinarily detract from the ideal license of hereditary sovereigns. It seems doubtful whether he ever feels himself subject to the not altogether worthless obligation of hypocrisy, for it is difficult to regard as anything but insulting irony the declaration of his Minister, that "the Sicilian Government would be justified in exhibiting great surprise at the least shadow of doubt being entertained respecting its just sentiments of humanity and generous equity towards all whom different circumstances bring within its sphere."

The Government of Naples appear to have been conscious from the outset that the capture of the *Cagliari* was wrongful, as having been made on the high seas. Signor CARAFA, with high moral self-devotion to the wishes of his august master, covered this awkward point by stating to the Sardinian Minister at Naples that the vessel had been taken, not on the high seas, but in the waters of Policastro—some seventy miles, if we mistake not, from the real place of her capture; and another Neapolitan official dutifully confirmed the statement of Signor CARAFA. Perhaps, however, we might not be extreme to mark where WATT and PARK had been captured, if there had been the slightest ground to believe that they had outraged the law of nations and violated their duty as citizens to their own Government by taking part in an attack on the dominions of the King of NAPLES. But it was simply absurd to suppose that two English engineers, occupied in their ordinary calling on board a regular packet, could have had the smallest inclination or inducement to engage in any enterprise of the kind. They had, in fact, fallen into the hands of the Neapolitan Government, while hastening, together with the captain of the packet and the rest of the crew, to give that Government

information of the criminal attempt of which their vessel had, against their will, been made the instrument. The positive evidence of their complicity in the conspiracy, as stated by the Neapolitan Attorney-General, was that one of them had on him a letter from the conspirators, threatening, if he resisted them, to cut his throat—that, as a part of the regular crew of the packet, and borne on her books, they were not provided with those passports, with which no conspirator is ever unprovided—and that, if they had not been in the plot, they, being in duress in the engine-room, and having no command over the steering, would have made the *Cagliari* go to Tunis! One of the captured insurgents being, though criminal, not so destitute of honour as his captors, deposed explicitly to the fact that the two Englishmen were utterly guiltless of the conspiracy, and had been forced into the engine-room with daggers held to their throats; but the Attorney-General, in taking down the deposition, skilfully turned it the other way, and made it an inculpation of the two engineers, instead of a complete acquittal. On the strength of these evidences, PARK and WATT were stripped, insulted, bound, paraded in handcuffs through the streets of Salerno, tortured with damp, want of air, unwholesome food, filth, stench, and vermin, and kept in suspense about their fate, till, their previously strong constitutions being undermined, PARK became subject to fits, and WATT entirely lost his reason. Much the same measure seems to have been meted to the Sardinian portion of the crew and passengers, who were kept on bad diet, and deprived, in the intense heat of a Neapolitan summer, of the necessary changes of clothes. The unhappy Signora MASCARO, wife of a physician on board, who was quietly proceeding to the sphere of his professional duties at Tunis, is spoken of as confined in a room of the prison of the prostitutes, ill, in a state of intense moral depression, without money, linen, or clothes. Any civilized and Christian Government would shrink from the degradation of inflicting such persecutions as these even on the vilest of convicted criminals. But in the eyes of Signor CARAFA and his master, one of the worst crimes of which a man can be convicted is that of being a citizen of a free nation. Of the other prisoners brought to trial for this affair, many are daily prevented from appearing in court by exhaustion from the sufferings they have undergone, while the emaciated condition of those who do appear attests the “generous equity” of a paternal Government towards men who, whatever their real offences may be, had not been found guilty, and therefore were innocent before the law when these sufferings were inflicted. Neapolitan officials and Mr. BOWYER may believe that these things can last.

It is melancholy enough to think that such a despotism should be riding rampant in the finest part of Italy ten centuries after the time when freedom, with her attendant arts, first lifted her reviving head upon those favoured shores. It is, perhaps, still more melancholy to think that, towards the end of the last century, Italy, under wise and beneficent sovereigns, was advancing in a course of practical reform, when its progress was cut short by the fanatical egotism of the French nation—then threatening all the established Governments, as it now, in the same spirit, threatens all the laws and liberties of the world. We must not forget that the present excesses of Continental tyranny in general, and of Italian tyranny in particular, are due in great measure to those excesses of the French Revolution and its affiliated movements, which the very nation from which they emanated now wishes to visit on the rest of Europe. The English people must take a calm and comprehensive view of these things if they mean to play a useful part in restoring the freedom and happiness of other nations. The greatest service Englishmen can render to the world is to be true to their own institutions, and to prove, by a practical example, that liberty is not incompatible with order. When our Government does take a part in the internal affairs of other nations, it should not be to encourage new convulsions, but to undo as far as possible the work of ROBESPIERRE and BONAPARTE, and to induce the Sovereigns of Europe to recommence a course of practical beneficence and reform. Instances of oppression may occur so outrageous as to call for forcible interference on the part of those who have power to put down the wrong. The principle of non-intervention has its limits between nations, as between men. It does not bind you to stand idly by while your neighbour is beating his wife, or while a King is rioting in innocent blood. But if there is to be any interference, it should be effectual. At Naples we have inter-

meddled only to make matters worse, though for this result the selfish ambition of the French Government, more than our Ministry, is to blame.

In the case of the *Cagliari*, however, a fair opportunity seems to have presented itself, independent of any political partisanship or propagandism, of making his Majesty of Naples see the unfamiliar face of justice, and teaching him that Providence has not entirely given over the world into his hands. The Neapolitan Government, intending to take its pound of flesh from citizens of free countries—who, it thought, had technically fallen within the reach of its law—has cut too deep, and incurred the consequences which SHYLOCK would have incurred in the same case. We have the satisfaction of acting with Sardinia, a nation whose recent advances in Constitutional Government redeem the dark prospects of the world, and whose name it is a relief to mention when speaking of the affairs of Italy. The bold line which the Sardinian Government has taken in the matter was certainly suggested by our Government, and would have been suggested even if Lord CLARENDON's communication had been conveyed in the exact form he intended. The honour of this country, therefore, seems to be committed, and, if that is the case, all Englishmen will desire to redeem the pledge. Our Government has a difficult part to play in these matters, Europe being in the condition in which it now is; and great forbearance is due to it on the part of the nation. We must remember that, through the extravagances and crimes of the friends of liberty, despotism has now got the upper hand in the world. In the present instance, however, there seems to be a perfectly good claim for reparation without reference to anything beyond those simple rules of justice which all Governments acknowledge; and, this being the case, we trust the claim will be unhesitatingly enforced.

INDIAN PANACEAS.

PETITIONS, which are designated by the reporters as “in favour of Christianity in India,” continue to be occasionally presented to the two Houses of Parliament. Once or twice a-week we read that the clergy of a particular archdeaconry have agreed that it is the duty of the Government to “cease to pay regard to caste,” or that the elders of a provincial dissenting chapel have solicited the Legislature to apply Lord CAMPBELL's Act to the Hindoo Temples. On the whole, however, the fewness of these petitions is exceedingly remarkable, and does no little credit to the good sense of the English people. The confident ignorance which prevailed last autumn seems to have almost entirely given way, not from any cooling of zeal for the Christianization of India, nor from any sudden change in that temper of mind which made the late outburst of enthusiasm possible, but simply from sounder appreciation of the character of the enterprise which the press and the pulpit had combined to represent as merely retarded by a wicked traditional policy. It is curious to mark the awakening of the public mind to the immense complexity of the causes which produced our Indian difficulties. A whole Indian education separates us from the period when our churches resounded with theories of Mahometan conspiracy, and our principal newspapers smote their journalistic breasts and cried “*Peccavimus*” for the Government which had been “ashamed of its Christianity.” Now the *Times* applauds letters from intelligent Subahdars which unconsciously borrow the historical theory of M. COMTE by tracing the mutiny to almost everything which has occurred in India during the last twenty years; and it was but the other day that we saw reprinted a romance from a popular periodical, which, applying that conclusive test of fiction by which Mr. DICKENS has disposed of most English institutions, successfully proved that measures like the prohibition of Suttee had only deepened the moral debasement of the unhappy Hindoo. If these symptoms correctly indicate the state of public opinion, modesty of judgment has degenerated into a rather excessive self-distrust. After all, something may be done for India, and it is not necessary to take Sir G. C. LEWIS's hint and retire from the country altogether. It is not imperative to believe, with the Subahdar, that there is jeopardy in every movement; nor need we accept the doctrine of the serialist that the common instincts of the human race are so blunted in Hindostan as to forbid our rectifying the grossest sins against universal morality. There is the “traditional policy” for our encouragement. After slowly pushing its approaches to the desired object, it made an end

for ever of widow-burning and infanticide; and though it miscarried in an attempt at teaching Brahmins and Rajpoots to kill at 900 yards with a conical bullet, it did show them how to save life by the study of anatomy, and overcame their prejudices against the caste-destroying knife of the dissecting operator. It is only experience, fortified by caution, which after all is steadily hopeful. It is only socialism which first disdains difficulty, and then despairs.

The enthusiasm of the moment is not for the Christianization but for the colonization of India. So inevitable is the collapse of this delusion that, in a month or two, we dare say we shall have to point to the fact that indigo has really been profitably cultivated in Bengal, for the purpose of showing that India offers any field whatever for European enterprise. At present, however, we are in the hot fit, and people are gravely discussing the prospects of emigration to the Himalayas. The considerations which have induced the British public to entertain this notion are probably extremely simple, as are those which prompted the gentleman who has obtained from the House of Commons a Committee on the colonization of India. Mr. EWART's passion for gigantic subjects is as well known as the gentle quotations from Horace which diversify his speeches. As for the rest of the world, it is merely of opinion that if there were more Europeans in India, it would be more difficult for the natives to rebel, and much easier to get them under if they did revolt. The means, however, to these very desirable ends belong still to the province of languid after-dinner conversation, and have scarcely assumed sufficient definiteness to reward criticism. Judging from the debate in the House of Commons, there are supposed to be three modes of "colonizing" India. The first involves the establishment of European communities in the Himalayas, for the purpose of cultivating the various staples of that salubrious region. While Juan Fernandez remains to be settled, and while wheat may be raised in the Falkland Islands under cucumber-frames, this question of farming the Himalayan terraces may be left to take care of itself. Theorists who have studied the flora of India with more profit depart a little from the first-mentioned scheme, and suggest that Europeans should have their indigo plantations and poppy farms in the plains, but should themselves reside in the temperate climate of the mountains. It is no injustice, but rather a compliment, to this project, to compare it with a plan for having a cottage at Windermere, and thence conducting agricultural operations on a large scale in Kent or Sussex. Much more reasonable is the last of the three colonization theories which have obtained currency. India is to be "colonized" by having a great many more indigo-planters, who are to go a great deal oftener to the hills for their health. The plan has no more to do with colonization than it has with astronomical observation, but it is perfectly feasible. A rise of a few farthings a hundred-weight in indigo, and the completion of the railways already commenced in the direction of Simla and Darjeeling, are the only conditions which it requires to be satisfied. A Committee of the House of Commons can neither make nor mar it.

Connected, however, with the agitation for adding largely to the number of European speculators in India, is a project of a much more dangerous character. It is proposed to make English jurisprudence the fundamental law of Hindostan. The consequences of such a measure are only vaguely glanced at in England; but they are understood at Calcutta with all the clear-sightedness of cupidity sharpened by hatred. It is not the object of the Calcutta public to obtain for India the benefit of the best parts of our law—such, for example, as our jurisprudence of Contract. The agitators well know that the Government of India desires nothing more than a reform of Hindoo law on rational principles, and has ever been thwarted in its benevolent projects by the pretensions of a privileged minority to have a law of their own. The true design of the European malcontents is to supersede the land-law of India, on which the whole happiness of its population depends, by the feudalized real property system of England. It is difficult to strike a balance between the absurdity and the wickedness of this proposal, which would have been scouted as soon as it was broached if it had not been for that very barbarism of conception and that very difficulty of application which have made English real property-law a secret, not only to the country at large, but to the majority of the legal profession. Mr. DANBY SKYMOUR, in the debate on Mr. EWART's motion, suggested that the introduction of English law into India would be a

great advantage to Ootamacund. Ootamacund, a small town on the Neilgherries, is a place of healthy retreat for debilitated Europeans, and the notion of conferring on it the advantage of English jurisprudence is not unlike that of importing the *Code Napoléon* for the benefit of Tunbridge-Wells. But is the late Secretary of the Board of Control really quite blind to the character of the project which has his recommendation? He is not a lawyer, but he is a landed proprietor, and surely he has had a will, a marriage-settlement, or even a lease read to him by his attorney. Does he positively dream of forcing that unbaptized jargon, and the semi-savage conceptions to which it corresponds, on the unsophisticated natives of Southern India? A modern traveller, discoursing on the advantage of introducing the manners and customs of the English into Western Africa, is said to have been considerably non-plussed by a country gentleman's asking him what was the Dahomitan for a five-barred gate. In a similar spirit, we venture to ask what is the Tamul for an estate in tail-male? What is the Teloo-goo for a contingent remainder? If the revolution clamoured for by the Anglo-Indians had no worse effect than that of rendering the native incapable of understanding the institutions under which he lived, and so placing him at the mercy of trained legal practitioners, it would be fatally condemned; but, in truth, the results expected from it involve a far more cruel injustice. The scheme is one for selling up the happiness of a people. The land-law of the greater part of India does not admit of proprietorship in perpetuity; and the more this land-law has been ameliorated, the further has it receded from a condition of things compatible with English feudal tenures. Every approximation to English forms of ownership has been attended by the physical and moral debasement of the Hindoo. Every approximation to the proprietorship most irreconcilable with English rules—the joint holding of the Village Communities—has increased his prosperity and elevated his moral dignity. The Anglo-Indians simply propose to reverse the course of improvement. As periodical settlements of revenue are inconvenient to speculation on a large scale, and unfavourable to the transfer of interests, while they have a decided tendency to promote the independence of "niggers," they are to be supplanted all through India by the English system of perpetual property in land. The fact that this very experiment, when tried by Lord CORNWALLIS with the best intentions in Bengal, entailed incalculable misery on the native cultivator, does really appear to be among the principal reasons why the Calcutta public wish it to be repeated.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CONSERVATISM.

WHETHER the second India Bill be Lord ELLENBOROUGH's or Mr. DISRAELI's, the complicity of the Cabinet in its more irrational provisions raises uncomfortable doubts as to the effect which prolonged exclusion from office may have had on the Tory Opposition. Unfortunately, proof is not wanting that a political party may almost forget the art of government. The American Whigs are—or rather were, for they have almost ceased to exist—a confederacy to the full as respectable as the British Conservatives in their best days. Besides having the deposit of principles which are as permanent as human nature, they included several statesmen who seemed to be regarded in the United States as first among their countrymen in administrative no less than in deliberative capacity. Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. CLAY were, when out of office, the prime movers in measures which still exercise the deepest influence on the fortunes of the Republic. Yet, when their political friends were in power, they appeared unable, by advice or even by active assistance, to keep them from setting common sense and common prudence at defiance. The thread of Governmental tradition seemed, in fact, to have been lost. The periods of Whig supremacy, which formed short intervals between long Democratic Administrations, have been distinguished by some grievous scandals and many glaring miscarriages. And the worst of it was, that these slips of policy always appeared to be the result of sheer blundering. The Democratic party, by its criminal deference to the interests of the slave-owners, has perhaps fatally compromised the destiny of the Federation; but its measures have been deliberately taken, and carefully aimed at the objects which its leaders had in view. The Whigs, with much clearer perception of the true tendencies of Northern opinion, were unable, apparently from sheer penury of skill, to avail themselves of their better knowledge.

When in power, they committed almost every mistake of which Governments can be guilty; and the consequence was, that they were betrayed by some of their leaders and deserted by others, till at length they fell asunder, and were absorbed by more vigorous organizations.

Much of the scandalous disregard of principle which characterizes the American Democrats arises from their contempt of opposition. From the first Presidency of General JACKSON down to the moment when the Kansas troubles gave birth to the Anti-slavery Republicans, the Democratic ascendancy was only twice seriously threatened. General HARRISON and General TAYLOR owed their election chiefly to their military prestige, but the premature decease of both these Presidents left the field open to pure Whig successors, whose Administrations went respectively to pieces in a chaos of treachery and blundering. The Democrats ceased thenceforward to regard the Whigs as serious opponents, and soon underwent a change, in some respects for the better, in most for the worse. Externally, they became a mere political insurance company, for the even distribution of official plunder. Internally, from their confident belief that they included among themselves the sole materials for the formation of Governments, they acquired an aptitude for practical statesmanship which had once been supposed the monopoly of the Whigs. Nobody expected any improvements from them; nobody supposed that any measure of theirs would quicken political progress; nobody doubted that they were ready for any iniquity in their management of home or foreign affairs which would strengthen their tenure of the Executive. But at the same time most Americans allowed that they conducted well enough the ordinary business of government, and that extremely large class of American citizens which is genuinely Conservative from caring infinitely more for commerce than for politics, have been accustomed to admit that the country is, on the whole, safer in the hands of the Democrats than of the ostensible Conservatives. For it has been repeatedly observed that their long exile from office, besides telling on the capacity of the Whigs, has weakened their sense of responsibility. They became enamoured of the most hazardous experiments. Even before the Republicans, taking their rise in Democratic misconduct, had swept into their ranks nearly all the enemies of the dominant party, the greater part of the Whigs had joined the anarchical confederacy of the Knownothings.

In a country like our own, where judicious reform has a sphere infinitely larger than in America, it would be the last of misfortunes that the Liberal party should be conservatized from the same causes as the American Democrats. Long before Lord DERBY made his present essay at government, the consciousness of strength and popularity had done much to illiberalize Lord PALMERSTON's Cabinet. They were pretty well understood to have shelved the suffrage question; they had aimed a blow at the middle class in their attempt to suppress the East India Company; they had not hesitated to wound public opinion at the point where its sensitiveness is greatest, by their precipitate compliance with the unwise requisition of a foreign Government. Their measures of general improvement belonged exclusively to those minor reforms which have been expected by the country any time these twenty years; and there were some departments—that of law amendment, for example—in which they displayed an obstructiveness which has not been experienced in England since the Chancellorship of Lord ELDON. What will be the consequence, if, untaught by adversity and untamed by Opposition, they return to the Treasury Bench through a victory over Mr. DISRAELI on Lord ELLENBOROUGH's India Bill? It is impossible to doubt that Lord PALMERSTON will add to his natural self-reliance, and to his settled persuasion of his own popularity, a not wholly unfounded belief that his political antagonists have lost the capacity for conducting the QUEEN's Government. He will simultaneously have the assurance that he is stronger in the country than the Tories, and that, even if he were not stronger, they are not in possession of the qualities which would enable them to supplant him. Lord DERBY's followers, on the other hand, after throwing all their distinctive principles overboard, and committing themselves to more than one root-and-branch reform bill, will labour under the fatal disadvantage of being considered insufficiently provided with that common sense which alone renders reform practicable. This is exactly the state of things which existed till recently in America. The Democrats monopolized at once the conventional reputation of Liberalism and the credit of practical Conservatism. The Whigs united the disrepute of obstruc-

tives with the disrepute of revolutionists. Even in the United States, this relation of parties produced a disturbance which nearly dismembered the Republic. With us, it is sure to issue, first in utter stagnation—ultimately, in a crisis alike disastrous to the cause of prudent reform and of rational conservatism. The sincerest English Liberals must desire that Lord DERBY's Government may retrieve its character for common sense by its Budget, and by modifications of its India Bill.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND MR. WESTERTON.

WE, in common with all the rest of the world, have at least ventured upon a conjecture as to the solution of the next Ministerial crisis, and the coming political combination or complication is a fair subject of speculation. A Liberal Government must tolerate or welcome either Lord JOHN RUSSELL or Lord PALMERSTON. It seems that the angry fates prevent the double blessing, and we are reduced to choose between the rival establishments. In many respects, Lord JOHN RUSSELL has the advantage. Our memories of the past are conveniently rather than charitably short. It is of no use raking up old stories—so, as it happens to be more troublesome to go back to Lord JOHN RUSSELL's successive acts of bad faith towards every Government with which he has been connected than to be impressive on Lord PALMERSTON's conduct on the WALEWSKI despatch, it suits us to forget all about the escapades of the Member for the City of London. But Lord JOHN RUSSELL is not the man to take advantage of the circumstance that his Premiership is fading into history. He has just performed a little feat which must gladden the coteries of Cambridge House. He has just done the small but silly thing which a political antagonist might pray for, but could hardly expect. And it is precisely in that direction in which alone he could bring himself down to Lord PALMERSTON's level. It is very plain to political students that the late PREMIER made a great mistake when he sold himself to Lord SHAFTESBURY's religious world. The move had its immediate effects—it told on the elections. But Lord PALMERSTON's fall began at the very moment of his triumph on the hustings. England, in all its higher ranks of thought and influence, has no sympathy with Exeter Hall. Politicians use the Evangelical faction, but despise the convenient tool. Lord PALMERSTON, amidst his many acquirements, has a mind quite uncultivated in several departments of social knowledge. He has no conception whatever of religious differences or principles. He cannot weigh them—he not only feels no interest in them personally, but he is unable to compare them, or to estimate their incidence on opinion. In adopting Exeter Hall, and in flinging mitres to the third-rate professors of religious ignorance and obscurantism, he meant no slight to one form of religious thought, nor was it his object to elevate any school at the expense of its rival. He invested in Evangelicalism with as much indifference as he would have invested in Ultramontanism—simply because he thought it suited his purpose. So he played his counters, like all unscrupulous and ignorant gamblers, with a total ignorance of the delicacy and difficulty of the game. Doctors BICKERSTETH and VILLIERS really cost Lord PALMERSTON his Premiership. Lord SHAFTESBURY's alliance was a perilous embrace. All moderate and sensible people, religious or not, or of whatever school of religious thought, were disgusted with the contemptuous indifference to principle which employed Church appointments in this way. There are very few thoughtful persons who did not feel that the late PREMIER's administration of ecclesiastical patronage was a proof of his personal unfitness for the highest office. His ignorance of what was required in the department of religion was a political disqualification of the gravest kind; and the *Times* was perfectly right, in its frank and candid enumeration of Lord PALMERSTON's blunders, when it placed his episcopal appointments in the very first rank. But, to do him justice, nobody charged him with anything like personal religious partisanship. He was too sincere in his contempt to take any personal interest in wrangling schools of theology. Everybody acquitted him of the slightest approach to earnest sympathy with Bishop BICKERSTETH, or any Bishop or preacher on earth.

It is not so with Lord JOHN RUSSELL. He is a bigoted partisan from the love of the thing, and the love of the thing outlives all considerations of prudence and policy. If there is anything which his admirers would willingly forget, it is that their leader wrote the DURHAM letter. The Papal Aggression frenzy is that chapter in our recent annals which

England is most anxious to bury in oblivion; and, admitting her own complicity, she would readily forgive the author of that discreditable event. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, however, is resolved that we shall not forget his antecedents. He wants to prove that he is really superior to discretion and repentance. Like the BOURBONS, if he is to return to Downing-street, it is having learned nothing and forgotten nothing. He is quite as ready to prostitute statesmanship to the purposes of a theological camarilla now as in 1851. He has just come before the religious world in a voluntary testimonial to the virtues of Mr. WESTERTON, Churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in his own estimation the future Prime Minister, writes from "Pembroke Lodge" to express his sincere regret that he cannot attend an Easter Tuesday meeting at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for the purpose "of moving a vote of thanks to Mr. WESTERTON as a public acknowledgment for the faithfulness with which he has sustained the Protestant character of our Church." His Lordship must be little in his own eyes; and the incident illustrates the rapidity of his fall since 1851. The dead carcass of the Knightsbridge Churches case is scarcely an equivalent for the Bull establishing the Papal hierarchy. It was one thing to ride a tilt against Rome and all its chivalry, and another to testimonialize that egregious champion of the faith, Mr. Churchwarden WESTERTON. It has taken Lord JOHN RUSSELL some years to go down the whole extent of the descending scale. From the sublimity of his appeal against Cardinal WISEMAN, he has at last reached the very bottom of the ridiculous in making common cause with the enterprising stationer who contrived to plunge himself into a ridiculous lawsuit in which he was ignominiously worsted, and the costs of which his friends, and the friends of the Protestant character of the Church, left him to pay. Lord JOHN RUSSELL really thinks—at least he is not ashamed to say—that Mr. WESTERTON's foolish and unsuccessful assault on crosses and altar-cloths, in which he conspicuously failed, is "a faithful sustaining of the Protestant character of our Church." Lord JOHN RUSSELL ought to know that there is no sensible person to whom the name of WESTERTON and his squabble is not an offence, and that the world has long since agreed that neither Protestantism nor anything higher than his own vanity was at the bottom of Mr. WESTERTON's zeal. And yet, for want of a better claptrap, Lord JOHN RUSSELL does not mind stooping to blow breath into this burst bladder.

But is it religious zeal, or only ignorance of public opinion, that has moved Lord JOHN RUSSELL? Perhaps we do him injustice in believing that he has any personal sympathy with such a person as Mr. WESTERTON, or that he cares one farthing for the angust interests involved in the election of a Churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Surely he must know, not only that no religious principle was at stake in the Knightsbridge case, but that Mr. WESTERTON's perverseness brought the dispute to an actual termination which, though a compromise, entailed a most serious defeat on the religious partisans whom he most affects. If so, the incident does little credit to Lord JOHN RUSSELL's political sagacity, and his appearance in this worn-out squabble shows that his Lordship has not learned wisdom. If his place is to move votes of thanks to Mr. WESTERTON, it is not in Downing-street. A Knightsbridge Vestry and the QUEEN'S Council Chamber do not suit the same man. Besides, the place which he challenges is occupied. The actor who shines in these characters of low comedy is an established favourite with those who like the sort of thing. Lord PALMERSTON has already got the ear of Exeter Hall, and it is not wise in Lord JOHN RUSSELL to bid against him. On the whole, though we have no great opinion of some lately-appointed bishops, still the patron of Dr. BICKERSTETH deserves better of Exeter Hall than the patron of Mr. WESTERTON. If Lord JOHN RUSSELL is coming out again with the old DURHAM Letter dodge, he might have done it more respectably. Mr. WESTERTON is decidedly below the mark. To handicap a broken-down horse is a mistake in a racing man; and Lord JOHN, though so long known in the political ring, is making a very bad book this time. To be Mr. WESTERTON's solitary backer is hardly a recommendation to the people of England; and these are not the times in which we can contemplate with equanimity even a remote chance of our national and political destinies being entrusted to one who has the taste or discretion to waste his own and the public time with testimonializing the merits of the Churchwarden of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

OUR DIPLOMACY.

WE could hardly have anticipated that the remarks which we offered last week on the quality of our diplomatic service would receive so speedy and striking an illustration as may be found in the recently published correspondence respecting the *Cagliari*. A more melancholy exhibition of incapacity, stupidity, and blundering, than the whole management of this affair by the Foreign Department, it is really impossible to imagine. The papers which are now printed verify, in all material particulars, the sketch of the negotiations which we laid before our readers a fortnight ago. In the month of July, Lord Clarendon received information of the incarceration of two English subjects at Naples. The letter addressed on the 24th of that month from the Foreign Office to our Consul at Naples, intimates that probably the prisoners were wholly guiltless of the offence laid to their charge. No step seems to have been taken, however, by any branch of our Foreign department to ascertain whether these unfortunate men had been legally seized or were justifiably detained. This calm and patient indifference probably arose from the confidence which the Earl of Clarendon felt in the justice and humanity of the Neapolitan authorities—the cultivation of which virtues by that Court is known to have been the pretext for casting off our diplomatic relations. For two months our countrymen were quietly permitted to remain in a Neapolitan dungeon, and no serious attempt was made by the English Government to obtain access to them for the purpose of ascertaining their condition or investigating their story. It is not till September 8th that it occurs to Lord Clarendon that it may be as well that the English Consul should obtain permission to see them. This very reasonable demand is only answered on the 23rd of the same month, and the reply is a positive refusal on the part of M. Carafa. The course adopted by the "spirited foreign policy" under these circumstances is highly characteristic. Lord Clarendon prefaces a despatch of October 8th by an assurance to M. Carafa, that "her Majesty's Government do not claim to withdraw them (the engineers) from the fair operation of the Neapolitan law." This is an admirable example of the caution and patriotism of a spirited foreign policy, which hastens to admit the jurisdiction of such tribunals as those of Naples, without even stopping to inquire whether there was any colour for the claim. However, the request that a British functionary may be permitted to see the prisoners is renewed in the same feeble, pottering manner. Park and Watt had now been in gaol for three months. What the "watchful eye and strong arm of England" had done for the unfortunate Englishmen in that space of time appears from the following letter of our Consul at Naples to the Foreign Secretary:—

Naples, October 8, 1857.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to report to your Lordship that I was yesterday informed, from a source on which I can rely, that on the occasion of conveying the crew of the *Cagliari* from the prison of Naples to that of Salerno, the police handcuffed all the prisoners, and so tight were the ligatures, that three days after they were still visible on the master's wrists.

The engineers Watt and Park, I am informed, were also conveyed to Salerno with their hands bound in the same manner as they had been convicted of felony, and so great is the misery of mind experienced by these poor men, after three months' confinement, that the engineer Park, as soon as his hands were freed, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. He was, however, prevented by his companions, and two days after the first attempt he made a second, by seizing the razors belonging to the master of the *Cagliari*, and it was with great difficulty that the master succeeded in preventing him from carrying his intentions into execution.

How long these men are doomed to remain in prison, I have no means of learning. No date for the trial is yet fixed. I have given instructions to Mr. Vice-Consul Consiglio at Salerno, to let me know immediately when the day is named.

Possibly Watt and Park would be comforted if I could see and speak to them: but, my Lord, after the repeated and positive manner in which the Neapolitan Government has refused all applications made for me to see them, I feel that any demand in this instance will also be negatived, unless backed by a strong remonstrance from your Lordship.—I have, &c.

LEWIS J. BARBAR.

It is not till October 29th that Lord Clarendon does anything further in the matter, when he writes the following despatch to Mr. Barbar:—

Foreign Office, October 29, 1857.

SIR,—I have received your despatch of the 15th instant, and its inclosure, relative to the case of the engineers Park and Watt, and I have, in reply, to instruct you to engage the best lawyer to be had in Naples for the defence of these men.

I have further to instruct you, if you are allowed to see Park and Watt, in compliance with the demand you have been ordered to make, to proceed to Salerno, and to ask them most particularly about the treatment they have received, and whether they have been in any way tortured or subjected to bodily pain or suffering, and to tell them that the English Government has its eye upon them, and will take care that no injustice is done to them.

I am, &c.

CLARENDON.

What Lord Clarendon's notion of injustice may be we cannot pretend to say. One thing is clear—that he is of opinion that the treatment which these men had been enduring since the middle of July was perfectly just and humane. At last, on November 8, it occurs to him for the first time that he might as well ask the law officers of the Crown whether these Englishmen, who had now been four months in a loathsome prison, had been lawfully put there, and whether the treatment to which they had been subjected was justified by the law of nations. The answer of the Queen's Advocate (Correspondence, No. 34) is just what might have been expected from the fact that our intelligent diplomacy had not been at the pains to procure the information on which alone any definite opinion could be formed.

On Nov. 11th, without taking any pains to ascertain whether the British Government had not a right to demand their release, Lord Clarendon writes:—

You will further say to his Excellency that her Majesty's Government do not claim the release of these men, but that they cannot allow two British subjects to remain for an indefinite time in a Neapolitan prison, without ascertaining to what treatment they are subjected, particularly as there is but too much reason to fear that these men are suffering from that treatment.

Shortly after, however, when the meeting of Parliament was approaching, his lordship seems to have been awakened to the fact, that public opinion was likely to demand something a little more decisive than the dawdling which had been going on for four months. The real influence which managed at last to open "the watchful eye" of England, is indicated in the following passage (No. 54):—

I told his Excellency that my instructions were to deliver the letter to him, and that Mr. Barbar would take charge of his reply; and, at the same time, I took the opportunity of stating, privately, that the affair of the seizure of the two engineers (which formed, as I understood, the subject of the greater part of the letter), had created a great sensation in England, that the matter had been seriously taken up by the press, and would form one of the first questions which would occupy the attention of the two Houses of Parliament; and that, therefore, Lord Clarendon was very desirous of receiving an answer before the opening of Parliament took place.

If the matter had not been "seriously taken up by the press," and if the "opening of Parliament" had not been about to take place, it seems highly probable that the Foreign Office might still have preserved its ordinary high-bred indifference. However, with the fear of the Press and the Parliament before his eyes, Lord Clarendon at last writes a despatch addressed directly to Signor Carafa:—

But that which is complained of by her Majesty's Government and by the people of England as unnecessary for the ends of justice, and as unauthorized by Neapolitan law, and as a cruel aggravation of the suffering of these men is, that these two British subjects should, during four months, have been prohibited from communicating with their friends or with the British Consul, and that their afflicted families have only been able to infer how great and intolerable the sufferings of the prisoners must have been, from the fact that one of them has twice attempted to commit suicide. Your Excellency has informed the Acting Consul that, according to the law of Naples, an accused person is prohibited from communicating with his legal adviser until the preliminary proceedings in his case are completed, and her Majesty's Government have not asked that this regulation should be infringed. They do not ask that the counsel of Watt and Park should be admitted to see them before the proper time for preparing their defence; but they do demand that the British Consul, and the relations of Watt and Park, shall at once be allowed to communicate and converse with them, to ascertain the state of their health, and to minister to their comforts.

Less than this will not satisfy public opinion in England, which is naturally alarmed at the mysterious secrecy which has hitherto been observed with regard to these two British subjects.

It is only necessary to observe upon this, that it might just as well have been done three months previously, before one of the unfortunate prisoners had gone out of his mind, and both were exhausted by disease. The answer of Signor Carafa (p. 55 of the Correspondence) is a masterpiece of quiet irony and well-bred contempt. Indeed his triumph was complete. Nothing could show more completely the farce of the diplomatic rupture than the voluntary renewal of negotiations on the part of England.

About the middle of December, the "watchful eye" began to discover for the first time that the admission of the Neapolitan jurisdiction had been all a mistake. We cannot enter at present into the complicated legal question, but the result, as far as Lord Clarendon's opinion is concerned, is contained in the following despatch:—

Foreign Office, December 29, 1857.

SIR,—I have to instruct you to ask Count Cavour whether the Sardinian Government means to object to the proceedings taken by the Neapolitan Government in the case of the *Cagliari*, on the ground that the Neapolitan vessels of war had no right to pursue the *Cagliari*, and to capture her beyond Neapolitan territorial jurisdiction. A ship of war of one country has no jurisdiction over a merchant-vessel of another country on the high sea; she is entitled to demand the production of papers to prove nationality; but if that character is established, the ship of war has no right to interfere, unless the merchantman should be caught in the actual commission, at the time, of an act of piracy. But no such act was committed at the time by the *Cagliari*; she was peacefully pursuing her voyage, and, for anything the Neapolitan ships knew, was returning to Genoa.

It is true that the captain and crew are stated to have been on their way to Naples, with the view of voluntarily surrendering themselves and their vessel to the Neapolitan authorities; but it appears to her Majesty's Government that it would be a mockery and an abuse of terms, to say that these men voluntarily surrendered themselves to the two Neapolitan frigates which had fired the "*Cagliari*" to, and which were prepared, of course, to sink her if she did not surrender.

Her Majesty's Government would, therefore, be glad to learn whether the Sardinian Government is of opinion that the *Cagliari* was voluntarily surrendered by the master; or whether that Government is prepared to contend that she was seized by the Neapolitan frigates beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of Naples.—I am, &c.

CLARENDON.

It is with reference to this despatch that there arose probably the most extraordinary blunder which even the blundering annals of English diplomacy can record. The Secretary of Legation is ordered by the Minister at Turin to draft a note to the Sardinian Minister in accordance with these instructions. A note is accordingly drafted by Mr. Erskine, and settled by Sir James Hudson. It is then sent down to the Chancery to be transcribed, and the fair copy is signed by the English Minister, and formally delivered to the Sardinian Government. No copy of the note is remitted to the Foreign Office at home, and nothing more is heard of it for two months; but at the end of that time the Marquis D'Azeglio, the Sardinian Minister in this country, communicates

to Lord Malmesbury the course which his Government had adopted in consequence of their "having been acquainted that the English Government were disposed to object to the capture of the *Cagliari*." With the correspondence in the archives of the Foreign Office before him, Lord Malmesbury was not unnaturally astounded at this piece of information. The demand for explanation which he thereupon addressed to the Mission at Turin elicits this extraordinary history of the manner in which business is conducted in our Chanceries abroad:—

Turin, March 15, 1858.

MY LORD,—With reference to your Lordship's despatch, instructing me to report on whose authority I have said that "Her Majesty's Government are disposed to object to the proceedings in regard to the pursuit of the *Cagliari*," I have the honour to state that, upon the receipt of Lord Clarendon's despatch of December 29, 1857, I made a minute upon it for the Chancery of this Legation, to the effect that its substance should be embodied in a note, requesting to know whether the Sardinian Government was prepared to object to the capture of the *Cagliari*, on the grounds stated in that despatch, and I have the honour to enclose herewith, a copy of the draft of that note, as filed in the archives of this Mission, which draft I approved, and sent back to the Chancery to be copied.

Upon receiving your Lordship's orders to state on whose authority I said that her Majesty's Government were prepared to object, &c., I referred to the draft, and found that I had not said so. I consequently went to the Sardinian Foreign Office, and requested permission to see the original note I had sent in to the Sardinian Government, a copy of which I have the honour herewith to enclose.

Upon perceiving the difference which exists between the draft of the note and the note itself, I called upon the gentleman who copied the latter for my signature to account for the discrepancy between the two, and I have the honour to enclose the statement which he has made to me.

With regard to my own negligence in this matter, for of course I am responsible, I have to state that it has not been my habit to compare the notes I sign when I have once approved the drafts, with the drafts themselves, and hence arose the error in question.

My reason for not instructing the Chancery to send to the Foreign Office a copy of my note to the Count de Cavour, was, that I considered it unnecessary to encumber the despatch with useless matter, as the note was (intended to have been) a mere transcript of the terms of despatch.

I have, &c. JAMES HUDSON.

The following letter from Mr. Erskine to Sir J. Hudson is the enclosure above referred to:—

Turin, March 15, 1858.

SIR,—In compliance with your directions, I have compared the draft of your note to Count Cavour, of the 5th of January last, with the note itself, and I deeply regret to find that a very material alteration was made by me in the wording of the first paragraph of that draft.

To the best of my recollection, the Earl of Clarendon's despatch of the 29th of December last was sent into the Chancery, with a minute in your handwriting in these words: "Address note putting this question."

A draft note was accordingly prepared by me and submitted to you for approval. The draft so approved by you states:—

"I have been instructed to ask your Excellency whether the Sardinian Government mean to object, &c.," whereas, in the note itself, I substituted the words, "I have been instructed to acquaint your Excellency that her Majesty's Government are disposed to object to those proceedings, &c."

You will, perhaps, have experienced the difficulty of literally transcribing a paper of your own composition, and I can only in this way account for the alteration which occurred.

On taking the note to you for signature, you were, doubtless, under the impression that you were signing a note in precisely the same words as those used in the draft, and probably did not read the note with sufficient attention to notice the alteration I had made.

Whatever blame is due for this most unfortunate blunder must be borne by me exclusively. You will not, I trust, hesitate to explain to the Earl of Malmesbury that you did not knowingly employ an expression implying that the British Government were "disposed to object" (to that of Naples) "to the proceedings taken in the case of the *Cagliari*."

What I probably meant to say (but this is scarcely to the purpose) was, that "Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the Neapolitan vessels of war had no right, &c."—that is to say, that they take objection to the capture, but not that they pledge themselves to urge that objection upon the Neapolitan Government, and this latter is evidently the interpretation given to your communication in Count Cavour's note of the 8th of January last.

I have, &c. E. M. ERSKINE.

It is hardly possible to repress a smile at the "difficulty" which a gentleman experiences in literally transcribing a paper of his own composition—a difficulty which causes him to write "acquaint" in the place of "ask," and to say that "her Majesty's Government are disposed," instead of inquiring "whether the Sardinian Government means."

The consequences of this stupid blunder, both to the English and the Sardinian Governments, are very serious. The Cabinet of Turin naturally took the despatch of January 5th as an invitation from the English Government to assert their rights against Naples, involving an implied promise of support from this country. They have accordingly made a fresh demand for the restitution of the *Cagliari*, and have claimed our concurrence and co-operation. The following passage is from a despatch of the Marquis D'Azeglio, of March 22nd, 1858:—

In the meantime, the undersigned is formally charged to request the concurrence, and, if need be, the co-operation of the British Government to bring this important affair to a successful termination.

The Government of the King is convinced that the information lately received will have confirmed the opinions and the principles enunciated by the British Minister in his aforesaid note of the 5th January last; opinions equally shared by Count Cavour and his colleagues. This understanding being once established, it cannot but be useful and desirable that the two Cabinets should unite in a common course of action for the purpose of terminating a question in which not only the interests of two British subjects are seriously compromised, but which so directly concerns all maritime powers, who are equally interested in not allowing dangerous precedents to be established.

We regret that the Earl of Malmesbury, in reply to this communication, should have entered into the history of the Turin

blunder in a tone which apparently indicates a desire to evade the obligations into which the English Government has entered. The observation of the Marquis D'Azeglio on this transaction, and on the manner in which it is referred to by the present Secretary of State, seems to us equally dignified and just:—

The undersigned does not consider himself in any way authorized to make the slightest remark upon the importance of a misunderstanding of this sort, of which he received the first intimation from his Excellency in his interview the day before yesterday. This importance can only be equalled by that which an assertion so positive, coming from her Britannic Majesty's representative, must have had in the councils of the Government of the King. The opinions of the English Government have too much weight with the Cabinet of Turin, not to have exercised an important influence upon the determinations taken at that time.

But, on the other hand, the undersigned is persuaded that he faithfully represents the sentiments of his Government in affirming that, in a question of this importance, facts ought to be taken into consideration rather than documents; and in expressing once more the hope that, in consequence of the documents which have thrown a light upon the capture of the *Cagliari*, and in consequence of the legal arguments which clearly prove, in the view of the Cabinet of Turin, the right to question the Neapolitan jurisdiction either to decide upon the capture or to try the crew, that the inadvertency or mistake may become a truth, and that the two Cabinets, relying upon the same principles of international law, may act in concert to demand that which is their due.

At all events, if abandoned to its own resources, the King's Government has fully decided to follow up this affair with the prudence and moderation which have characterized its acts hitherto, but also with the energy and firmness which the feeling of right and the national dignity inspire.

It is impossible to evade our obligations to the Court of Turin in this matter, on the pretext of a blunder in the transcript of a despatch. Every one who reads the instructions of Lord Clarendon to Sir J. Hudson (which we have already quoted), and the following account given by our Minister at Turin of the communication made by him to Count Cavour thereupon, will see that the course adopted by the Sardinian Government has been mainly undertaken at our instigation and by our advice:—

Turin, January 5th, 1858.

MY LORD.—In obedience to your Lordship's instructions (as contained in your despatch of 29th ultimo), I asked Count Cavour this morning whether the Sardinian Government means to object to the proceedings taken by the Neapolitan Government in the case of the *Cagliari*, on the ground that the Neapolitan vessels of war had no right to pursue the *Cagliari*, and to capture her beyond the territorial jurisdiction of Naples.

Count Cavour said that his opinion was identical with that of her Majesty's Government; he thought that the Neapolitan authorities had overpassed the limits of legal interference in their forcible seizure of that ship. "But," said he, "I have desired in this matter not to imitate the example set by the authorities of Naples—this is a legal question, and I have wished to treat it legally and upon its own merits. I have been blamed for coldness, and for not treating it rather politically than internationally. I have felt, however, that the honour of this Government was deeply interested, inasmuch as the expedition of Pisacane, starting from a Sardinian port, gave a handle to our ill-wishers to say we winked at the business. It is more my interest than that of any other person that the truth should be known, and hence it was that I desired to proceed solely with the aid of right and law. Hence, also, it is that you have seen me advise the Crown to appoint a Commission, composed of the most eminent statisticians in this country, the majority of whom are not of my way of thinking in politics. I chose those gentlemen because I know they will judge this case upon its own merits, and will not allow themselves to be biased by any other consideration than those of strict equity and right. I have not yet received their opinion—I shall not have it before next Thursday, the 7th. It will be matter of great satisfaction to this Government to find that it proceeds upon the same ground in this question as that taken up by her Majesty's Government; and as my notion is that the opinion of the Commission will be found to coincide in essentials with that laid down by Lord Clarendon, I shall not fail to communicate it to you, should you desire it."

To this I said that I felt authorized to ask his Excellency's opinion officially, and would do so, for this question was purely a legal one, and it was clearly your Lordship's desire to collect all facts bearing upon it.

If Lord Malmesbury had been a discreet and an acute diplomatist, he would have corrected the blunder of the Chancery at Turin, by adopting at once the terms and the spirit of the mis-transcribed despatch. We hope that he has no intention of abandoning the Sardinian Cabinet in that bold and just vindication of the maritime law of nations in which we have encouraged them to embark. Of one thing we are confident—that, after all that has passed, English public opinion will not permit a Government to be left in the lurch which has proved itself so well entitled to sympathy and support as that of Piedmont.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

THIS is a new monthly publication which has more foppishness—we do not know the female form of fop—in appearance than in reality. The higher sex seems to be as carefully excluded from its compositions as from the rites of Bona Dea. It is the property of "The English Woman's Journal Company (Limited)," and is published "at their office." Post-office Orders are to be made payable to "Jane Stone;" and Miss Barbara Leigh Smith and Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes publish at the *English Woman's Journal Office*. Mr. Murray advertises in the periodical two pages of books—all written by women. The Governesses' Institution, and the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge (with their tracts on the very humorous but practical subjects, How to Manage a Baby, and the Evils of Perambulators), make the journal their special organ. The *English Woman's Journal*, however, we are bound to say, does not quite fulfil the expectations which its first aspect suggests. It is temperate, and indeed dull—it contains one or two rather stupid fictions, and some very ordinary disquisitions on

political subjects. The best article is one describing a House of Mercy at Highgate; and it is only in a paper on the Profession of the Teacher, that we detect the more importunate advocates of those alleged rights and duties of woman which are thought to require an especial organ. The facts that such a journal has been started—that "Women and Work" is now a cry of the day—that a movement has sprung up for what are called "Women's Rights"—combined with such phenomena as "Madame Caplin's Anatomical Gallery for ladies only, where illustrative lectures on clothing in accordance with the anatomical construction of the body, and the physiological laws of the human organism, are delivered every Wednesday," and "Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's Laws of Life, with reference to the physical education of Girls"—at least show that in the judgment of many, and certainly those deeply interested, there is something so wrong in the condition of English women generally, and unmarried ones in particular, that in all the departments of social life a woman's position requires elevating. This, summarily speaking, is at the root of the whole movement. The reforming ladies assume it. Whether it is true or not is a serious question, not to be got rid of by referring to what would be very easy—its ludicrous aspect. Is society wrong in one of its fundamental principles? Or has the world attained that stage at which it is necessary that the female mind and character, and the whole duty of woman, should take a new form?

As far as we can judge, it seems to be settled among the female reformers that the female sex should have its appropriate work in business, professions, the arts, manufactures, commerce, and trade, just as men have. A woman is not a worker if she contents herself with mere home duties. Experience proves, we are reminded, that a female physician can learn and practise medicine as well as man. "Every year," we are told in the *English Woman's Journal*, "an increasing number of women devote themselves to the fine arts. Literature is followed by women; magazines are filled by them; the leaders of our newspapers are contributions regularly written by women"—a fact which, with our knowledge of the Tory press, we are not disposed to contest—"accountants, watchmakers, and electric-telegraph clerks are women," &c. If this be so, there is no grievance. The level is settling itself—silk and broadcloth are already in fair competition. Women who can work do work, and get paid for their work. What more do the reformers want? As it seems, they want to make all women like themselves—working bees. But what would be the result? Certainly a very great lowering of wages and salaries. If we were at once to confront our hundreds of thousands of skilled workmen with an equal number of skilled workwomen, the consequences would be obvious. The ladies seem to think that, if the husband and sons can earn their five pounds a week, the family would be much better off if the wife and daughters could add to the weekly income by the results of their skilled labour, which would certainly be worth three pounds a week more—forgetting that profitable employment is a fixed quantity which will cease to be profitable if divided among seventy-five per cent. of additional labourers. Among all their studies, political economy has not yet presented itself to the reforming ladies. Like the Chartists, they imagine that the social state is unsound which permits one man to have a thousand a year, and that the profits of the country would be better dispensed if his income were divided among ten families at a hundred a-year each.

But further, we argue first, that the great majority of women who can be profitably employed are already profitably employed; and next, that of the residue who seem to be idle, they really are doing their work though they earn no incomes. The first point is one which we need not discuss. It does not require any statistics. It follows from an inevitable social law. Whenever there is profit to be made of labour, the labour will be forthcoming. Already, the ladies themselves admit, "one-half of the female population of the country are paid labourers." And as ladies sink in the social scale by pecuniary misfortune, they do, as a fact, take to handicraft. Brace-making, bugle-trimmings, and blonde-stitching, and the thousand varieties of piece-work absorb, in such a place as London, all profitable female labour. In country life, as one of the writers in the *Journal* before us admits, the woman is, in every sense, a worker—works in the farm or in the shop. In art and literature, the field of competition is already open, and the competition unrestricted. Women write and print as well and as ill as their brethren, and succeed accordingly. While there are Mrs. Somervilles and Mrs. Jamesons, they will command their influence and their rewards, and society wants no reorganization to give more facilities than it does to several second-rate lady moralists and inferior female manufacturers of magazines and journals. In wood engraving, there has been no combination against female artisans; and, in spite of Mr. Bennett's complaints, we cannot believe that the alleged terrorism exercised against female watchmakers will long enforce itself against the existence of skilled female mechanics. As soon as the one sex produces substantial claims to any department of the labour field, the market will be glad to avail itself of anything which will bring prices down. If the cost of production can be lowered by the employment of female labour in watchmaking, the Clerkenwell manufacturers will bid for it and secure it, here as well as in Geneva.

There remains the suggestion that the unmarried daughters of a family ought to enter into business "in stationers' shops and

large clothing establishments," and that this is as creditable an employment as the "under ranks of governnessing," which we entirely admit; only we assert that it is already done where it is possible to do it. If anything more is meant, it is that all young ladies ought to invade the desk and the counter, or work the telegraph needles, and that this is the only sort of work which fulfils the notion of duty. This we deny. It is simply a fallacy that work is homogeneous for both sexes. The woman's ultimate function is to manage her home, to bring up children, and to attend to household duties. This is her calling and work—the end of a woman's life is the married state. And, as in all callings, a woman requires to be trained for domestic duties, which are her life-work. These duties are to be learned at home, and not at the desk and counter. If a woman's work were merely to support herself, and to keep herself by her own hands and brains, she cannot too soon or too thoroughly engage in a business or a profession. The solitary piece of statistics upon which such a vast fabric is built by the advocates of woman's work is, that at the age of twenty, forty-three per cent. of all our English women are unmarried. It would be more to the purpose to give us the percentage of unmarried women at thirty, and from these to subtract the number of those who have no chance of avoiding destitution, and who are not already employed in profitable employment. Experience teaches that this class is infinitesimally small; nor would it be diminished by any re-arrangement of social relations. The end of education is to fit its subjects for that station and those duties in which the chances are that their future life will be spent. As things are, it is likely, while the sexes retain their present equality, that our girls, whom it is sought to put down to the desk and counter, will have to abandon them when they become wives and mothers. In other words, their future life is to be wives, and not book-keepers and accountants. All the time, therefore, that they employ in the counting-house is so much time lost—it not only does not fit them, but positively unfits them, for their future duties. We all know that factory-girls make the worst wives; and if the ideal of the advocates of woman's work were carried out, all classes of society would but repeat, under modifications, the type of a factory wife. Given a factory girl and a domestic servant, and which does the working-man choose? This single circumstance disposes of all the fantastic claims which are urged for introducing unmarried females to business. We utterly deny that a girl in a respectable family does not earn the honourable title of a worker, though she be only employed in assisting in housekeeping and at the family work-table, just as fairly and as completely as if she walked to a solicitor's office for an eight hours' daily task of copying briefs and making out bills of costs. We decline to limit woman's work to the narrow and unnatural estimate of it which confines it to an equivalent for a day's pay. It is not always, and not generally, the duty of every girl to "go out" into the world—

They also serve who only stand and wait.

THE ASSIZES.

THE Assizes which are just closing have been marked by a considerable number of cases of interest. We can hardly remember more striking contrasts than they have afforded of the different manner in which different juries will weigh evidence in questions of life and death. In one instance, at least, it is almost impossible not to fear that justice has been defeated by the timidity of the jury, and by the circumstance that the Judge appears to have allowed a most gross and dangerous sophism to pass unexposed and unrebuked. The case to which we allude is that of a man named Carpenter, who was tried at Hertford on the 5th March, before Mr. Justice Williams, for the murder of a policeman of the name of Starkins. Carpenter was an agricultural labourer, and there seems to have been some suspicion that he was in the habit of robbing his master of seed corn. Starkins was ordered to keep an eye on the fields in which the robbery was supposed to occur, and on the 30th October he went in the direction of those fields. He was last seen alive at about half-past five in the afternoon, looking over the gate which led into them, apparently with the intention of entering them. The prisoner was at work in another field, a short distance off. He left his work at about a quarter-past five, to go to his own home, and the road lay in such a direction that, if the policeman crossed the field up which he had been looking, they would be sure to meet. In a field on that path there was a deep pond, and in this, some days afterwards, was found the policeman's body. His throat was cut, there were marks of a severe struggle all about, and about two pints of wheat were found trampled into the ground where it had taken place. The prisoner reached his house about half-an-hour later than he ought to have reached it, and when he came in seemed lame and in pain. He had on his smock-frock and wide-awake. Shortly after, his wife came out and gave an alarm, saying that her husband had had an accident; and one of his neighbours, coming in, found him in the yard of the cottage, in what is described as a very odd position—with a log lying on his leg, and dressed in his Sunday smock and hat. The next day he could not work. Blood was found on his breeches, shirt, and garters; but he had been ringing pigs the

day before, which had bled a good deal. Some wheat was found in his house which corresponded with that trampled into the ground by the pond, and also with wheat belonging to his master which he might have stolen. His knife had been carefully washed, but marks of blood were found under the handle. His old smock-frock could not be found, but some bits of such a frock were found in the cupboard, and they were bloody. There was, in addition to this, some evidence that the prisoner had been overheard confessing his guilt in the prison-van to another prisoner, but this the jury do not seem to have believed. It seems almost impossible to doubt that the man murdered the policeman, went home, changed his clothes, burnt his smock, washed his knife, and then contrived the clumsy excuse about the piece of wood and the accident, in order to conceal the injuries which he had received in the struggle. Serjeant Parry, who defended the prisoner, is reported to have said, that even if the jury should be of opinion that there was no moral doubt in the case, still, if the evidence was not conclusive, they ought to acquit the prisoner. Then follows the stereotyped remark—that "the learned Judge summed up with great care and minuteness"—which means, as often as not, that he read over his notes. It would have been far more to the purpose if the reporter had been able to add, that he rebuked in the strongest language Serjeant Parry's monstrous misstatement of the jury's duty, if he really was guilty of it. It is simple nonsense to talk of a "moral certainty" which is consistent with "reasonable doubt." You might as well talk of round squares, or parallels which meet on being produced. If "men's lives are not to be taken on suspicion," capital cases ought never to be tried, for nine-tenths of the men who are hung are hung on suspicion. If the evidence produced before a jury in court leaves no "moral," or "reasonable," or "substantial" doubt (for there is really no difference between these and a score of other such epithets) on the minds of a jury, they are guilty of perjury and cowardice if they do not convict; and a Judge who allows the intimidations or misstatements of counsel upon this point to pass without the strongest expression of dissent, is chargeable with inexcusable laxity.

One or two other cases of acquittal in the face of strong evidence have marked the present Assizes, though certainly none were so strong as Carpenter's case. Among the strongest was that of a man named Nattle, tried at Bodmin, for the murder of his mother, before Mr. Justice Crowder. The prisoner was violent when drunk, and had more than once threatened his mother before the occasion of her death. The mother was seen by one or two of her neighbours, and spoke to one of them at about five p.m. on the 21st November. Soon after that hour the prisoner came in, and was heard to speak to his mother. At seven his sister returned home and found her mother lying on the floor, as she said, "snoring," but no doubt in a fit of apoplexy. The prisoner was in bed. The mother died, and on a post mortem examination it seemed clear that her death was caused by apoplexy; and the medical witnesses were of opinion that the cause of the apoplexy was a blow on the outside of the head, which had produced a great swelling though it had not fractured the skull. This blow they supposed to have been inflicted by some other person, and not by a fall; but they seem not to have spoken on this point with absolute confidence. It was suggested for the defence that the old woman had fallen upon a board in the woodhouse, and had so inflicted the injury which caused her death. The prisoner himself told his sister and the police, repeating his story several times, that on his return home he found his mother in a fit in the woodhouse, that he carried her into the house, held her up on a chair for a quarter of an hour, and then laid her down by the fire and went to bed. The body had been buried three weeks before it was taken up for examination. The prisoner was drunk. The jury wished, on this evidence, to return a verdict of manslaughter, which might possibly have been justifiable if they believed the prisoner's statement, and if the medical evidence had shown that the way in which he said he had treated her must have hastened her death. This, however, was mere speculation; and Mr. Justice Crowder told them that they must either convict the man of murder or acquit him. They took the latter course. It is difficult, from a newspaper report, to form a positive opinion upon those minute points on which the result of a trial so often turns. It is no doubt very hard on a jury to expect them to rely entirely on a medical opinion as to whether a particular bruise, first examined three weeks after death, was caused by a blow or a fall; and it is impossible for us to say whether the proof that the prisoner was heard speaking to his mother after his return—which would involve the falsehood of his own story—was satisfactory. If the jury had doubts on these two points, their verdict was perhaps not unreasonable, inasmuch as the inconsistency of the evidence with the hypothesis of a fall would not on that supposition have been made out. We can, however, hardly imagine a case which proves more clearly the absurdity of the suggestion that capital punishments ought to be abolished because juries will not convict in capital cases. Assuming that these points were really left in doubt, would it have been desirable on such evidence to brand a man with parricide, and to imprison him for life? If in such cases a man's guilt is clearly proved, he should be hung; but it is monstrous to say that, if it is not clearly proved, he ought to undergo the next severest punishment.

Several other cases have occurred during the Assizes which

show that juries do not always, or even generally, shrink from doing their duty in cases of this kind. The most remarkable was the case of a man named Shepherd, convicted before Mr. Justice Byles, at York, for murdering a man on Wadsworth Moor, in the West Riding. The body was found with the head smashed in by a stone eighteen pounds weight—five or six of the ribs were broken—and it had thirty-four stabs and cuts on the back, shoulder, arm, and face, inflicted by a carving-knife, the blade of which was found in one of the wounds. The prisoner was a Halifax cabman, the deceased a farmer named Parkinson; and they were seen together several times in the course of the day walking in the direction of the place where the body was found. The prisoner returned to Halifax alone by railway, and asked one of his friends to let him ride into the town in his cab, but to drive him by a back way, making an excuse about his having been with a woman. He went to a brothel, where he was observed to be in the possession of money, seemed much agitated, and had blood on his trousers. He went out to wash them, and said that if it were not so late, he would burn them and buy new ones. He also said he had not long to live, and would enjoy himself. Next morning he brushed his trousers, and said, "Damn that blood, it's not all off yet." He accounted for the blood to one person by saying that he had been "fighting with a swell," and to another, by observing that he had been in a slaughter-house. Hearing that the police were in search of him, he gave himself up; but on the way to the police station he borrowed a pair of trousers, and calling at some coke ovens, asked leave to burn a sack which he said "he had nailed in a potato field." He then threw something into the oven (which, of course, was burnt), and went on to the station. He was, on this evidence, most properly convicted and hung; but it is impossible to say that it was as strong as the evidence against Carpenter.

Another murder case is remarkable principally for the curious light which it throws upon the extreme superstition of considerable parts of the population. An old woman of sixty, who lived near Wenlock, had a servant with whom she seems to have lived on discreditable terms, and whom she treated alternately with fondness and with the foulest abuse. She appears to have maintained her influence over him principally by persuading him of her supernatural power; and this conviction was so strong in the neighbourhood, that one of the witnesses—a child—was accompanied in the witness-box by his mother, who was in constant fear that the old woman would still be able to do him a mischief. Some quarrel having arisen between the old woman and her servant, he went upstairs with her, a fall was heard, and the woman's voice as she called out, "Let me alone, Bill." Her body was afterwards found with three stabs in the throat, one of which had caused her death. There could be no doubt that the wounds were inflicted by the prisoner; and as the presumption of law is that when one person kills another the crime is *prima facie* murder, and that the burden of proving it to be a less offence lies on the prisoner, the servant was convicted, and sentenced to death.

One most unpleasant feature in the late Assizes is to be found in the number of burglaries accompanied with the most brutal violence. In one case, two men, named Gordon and Pearson, were convicted at Worcester, before Baron Watson, of having broken into the house of a poor old couple called Cartwright, whom they robbed of what little money they had, and beat with a bill-hook and hedge-stake. The old man was knocked down under the table, and his head was cut open with the bill. The woman identified them, having sold ginger-beer to them; but the principal evidence was that of an approver, Pardoe, who, however, was confirmed in several material particulars. The prisoners were convicted, and sentence of death was passed upon Gordon, and recorded against Pearson. There would seem to have been some doubt whether Pardoe did not himself use the bill-hook, as he said, or was stated to have said, to one of the witnesses, "I should have killed the old man if Gordon had not taken the bill-hook off me." At York, a gang of six men were tried and convicted—principally on the evidence of an approver—for breaking into an old man's house, and beating him severely with a bludgeon loaded with lead, to make him lie still whilst they plundered the house. Sentence of death was recorded against all. At Exeter, three men were convicted before Mr. Justice Willes of simple burglary, they having broken into the house of a Mr. Braddon, and beaten him over the head with the drawing-room poker, whilst he lay asleep in bed. His life was in the greatest possible danger, and one of his eyes was knocked completely out of the socket. One of the three ruffians had been Mr. Braddon's butler—another had come out of Parkhurst Reformatory only the morning before the crime. He told several people in the house where he lodged that he had struck the blow. That these men should have been convicted on the minor charge only, and not of burglary with violence, is to us utterly inexplicable. If they were all present and consenting to the transaction, the blow of one was the blow of all. As against one of them, at any rate—Coleman—there was the strongest direct evidence in his own admission. They were all sentenced to penal servitude for life; but we must say that we feel much regret that the practice of hanging men for this crime should be given up. The law still allows it nominally, and Baron Watson, in our opinion, did no more than his duty in leaving Gordon for

execution. His sentence has since been commuted on the ground (as it was stated in the papers) that there was a doubt whether the blow had not been struck by the approver. This may have justified the course taken by the Home Office, but it is greatly to be regretted that a crime morally equal in guilt to murder, far more dangerous to the community, and much more likely to be repressed by severe punishment, should not be punished with death.

We are sorry to observe that several crimes of very great enormity have been committed by persons of education and standing in society. One Mellor, an attorney, of sixty years of age, was convicted at Liverpool, before Baron Martin, of forging a receipt for mortgage money, which he had been instructed to invest for a client, and which he had applied to his own purposes. He was justly sentenced to penal servitude for life. A somewhat similar case occurred on the Oxford Circuit, where an attorney who had the year before been Under-Sheriff of his county was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for the same crime. One of the many morals to be drawn from such cases as these is that it would be well if clients looked more carefully into their affairs than they usually do. The confidence reposed in solicitors is no doubt well deserved by the great mass of the profession, but it can be no insult to any man for his client to require the production of every necessary voucher for the due transaction of the business entrusted to him. It is inexcusable folly in any man not to satisfy himself in the most explicit manner that mortgage deeds have been really executed, and the money advanced on them really paid, that transfers have been really made, and proper receipts duly given. A vast deal of suffering would be avoided by such precautions, and men of honour would be relieved from a very unfair temptation which is thrown upon them by the present system of foolish and unlimited confidence.

The singular case of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were convicted of assaulting Leech, Mrs. Smith's seducer, on a common near Yate, in Gloucestershire, is another instance of a crime committed by a gentleman. The circumstances of the strange story must be fresh in our readers' memory. In a few words, they are as follows:—Mrs. Smith having confessed to Mr. Smith that she had been seduced before marriage by Leech, and that their intercourse had continued after her marriage, but had ceased seven years before her confession, he compelled her to write letters by which Leech was prevailed upon to come down to Yate to meet her, and was enticed on to a common in the neighbourhood. There Mr. Smith assailed him by striking him several times over the head with a bludgeon, with the intention, as the jury found, of inflicting grievous bodily harm. For this offence the prisoner was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. This sentence has been impugned for its severity. We think it perfectly just, and we also think that the termination of the case forms a most satisfactory contrast to the issue of the Jeufosse trial in France. Mr. Smith had no doubt received great provocation, but the very object for which law exists is to prevent people from revenging themselves. Deliberate vengeance, carefully plotted beforehand, is the very thing which of all others most requires legal repression; and we are glad to see that the Judge and jury had the good sense to act upon this view of the matter.

One or two points collateral to the trials at the Assizes require notice. One is the monstrous absurdity of the scale of fees allowed to witnesses. It is calculated on the supposition that no witness is entitled to more than enough to indemnify a mechanic for time and travelling expenses. 3s. 6d. a day for time, and 5s. a night for lodging, is all that is given to men in a position in life which probably requires them to forfeit and to spend in the service of the public four or five times that amount. It is an absurdity to offer a man engaged in a profession or trade 3s. 6d. for the loss of a day, and 5s. a night for hotel bills. The only exception to this scale is in the case of scientific witnesses, who are to have a guinea a day if they speak to opinions, but only 3s. 6d. if they speak to facts.

A second observation is, that reporters at the Assizes (who are generally barristers) ought not to puff the speeches of their brethren. It is not a dignified practice in any point of view. If the Judge chooses to pay a compliment, it may be kind and fair to report it, but criticism is not the reporter's function. What can we say of such a regular pat of butter as the following:—"The learned counsel made one of those speeches for which he is so eminent—most elegant, refined, and gentlemanly—the language of the scholar, the manner of the orator." We do not deny the abilities of the person referred to, but it would be a poor compliment to him to suppose that he relished this sort of thing, especially when, in his critic's report of his speech, he is made to say—"He might dismiss from consideration the fact that there was express malice, because it was evident there was none such" (which is simple nonsense, and not very grammatical nonsense), and, a little farther on—"If a man, from provocation, took the life of another, the law was not so inhuman as to say that was murder." This may be "the language of the scholar," but is certainly not the language either of a lawyer or of a man of ordinary common sense. Is it to be supposed that an assassination must be without a motive before it can be called murder? If so, the crime is very rarely indeed committed.

REVIEWS.

EDMUND BURKE.*

IT would be difficult to say anything new of Burke as a statesman or as an orator, but there is still room for a faithful record of his personal character and history. Two bulky volumes devoted to a portion of his Life and Times, offer much that is superfluous, and may perhaps not present the individual portrait which is wanting. Mr. Macknight is a laborious and useful writer, who, after condemning himself to the invidious task of composing a hostile life of a living politician, now revels in the opportunity of indulging a genuine biographical passion for a not unworthy object. If the annals of George III. had been buried in oblivion, instead of occupying innumerable letters, memoirs, essays, commentaries, and compilations—if Fox and Pitt, Grenville and Sheridan, had been unknown to fame—a Life of Burke might naturally have been extended into a contemporary History of England; but the story of the American War, the Coalition, and the India Bill may be repeated too often. Within three or four years the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Fox* and the *Grenville Papers* have partially satisfied the popular curiosity which may be supposed to have concerned itself with the fate of the Rockingham party. It is much to be wished that biographers would assume in their readers some knowledge of the general facts of history; for it is impossible to study the siege of Troy from its commencement to the close, as often as the Cyclic poets think fit to celebrate the separate adventures of each associated chieftain. There was a time when every private bill for a canal or railway contained all the necessary provisions for purchases, works, capital, and administration; but the Legislature long since found it necessary to frame a few general enactments, which now regulate the common arrangements of all such undertakings. A Consolidation or History-Clauses Bill, to be incorporated in all biographies of the eighteenth century, would be a valuable boon to students of limited voracity. The Chinese themselves at last discovered that it was inconvenient to burn down the house as often as they had occasion to roast a pig.

It may be added that Burke, although he was in many respects superior to all his contemporaries, was not the central figure of the age. After furnishing the Rockingham Opposition with a policy through his speeches and pamphlets, he willingly acquiesced in the leadership of Fox; and when his later writings were laying the foundation of modern Liberal Conservatism, Pitt was the undisputed champion of authority and resistance. An intelligent Asiatic who attended a debate in the House of Commons about the close of the last century, said that the Minister appeared to him as a professor instructing his pupils. Burke was a far more learned teacher, and he was at all times ready to lecture, but he never found or commanded an equally docile audience. Mr. Macknight naturally exaggerates the supremacy of his hero with a zeal which betrays itself often in inflated language, and sometimes in useless resentment against the dulness and injustice which allowed him to occupy a subordinate position. The possession of power depends, however, on a combination of character and circumstances, and it may well happen that an orator "fraught with all learning" may be deficient in the art of governing men, or in that of persuading them to be governed.

Mr. Macknight's tendency to magniloquence displays itself on some occasions where it is not excused by his biographical loyalty to his hero. Like many writers of the present day, he is ironical without humour, and familiar, abrupt, or excited where a level narrative would have expressed his meaning far more forcibly; but his most ambitious bursts of eloquence are reserved for purposes of sweeping eulogy. The style of a forgotten pamphlet becomes, in his description, "this inimitable weapon, so bright and so powerful, and of which the rust of a century has not blunted the edge, forged in the true Vulcanian smithy and gleaming with an immortal radiance." Hamilton, losing Burke's services—

struck a coward's blow, expecting that his slave would fall and beg for mercy at his feet. To his amazement the slave rose up in all the pride of insulted manhood and moral dignity, and as he towered above his oppressor flung the yellow shackle (i.e., a pension of 300*l.* a year on the Irish establishment), in his face, thus preferring to the luxuries of a menial dependence, his freedom and the unpensioned desert. Yes! the slave was free. The Ariel had found within himself the power to effect his own emancipation, and feeling superior to the sordid elements he had escaped from, could now soar proudly to the highest heaven.

In other words, Burke left Hamilton, and soon after attached himself to Lord Rockingham—certainly a more desirable patron or Prospero. The deserted Single-speech Sycorax was—

as the slave in the triumphal procession, through a long series of years fated to behold in ignominious silence the illustrious progress of the man whom he had attempted to degrade and to dishonour. He saw him [perhaps this is an anticlimax] become the confidential Secretary of a high-minded statesman. He saw him enter the House of Commons. . . . He saw him, &c. &c. He saw him, &c. &c. He saw him rise with unexampled rapidity to the first rank among the Parliamentary speakers of his time. He saw him advance from victory to victory, until Europe and America were filled with his fame, and he became universally acknowledged to be the most richly gifted of politicians, the most eloquent of writers, and the most imaginative and comprehensive of orators that the world had ever seen. All this, and more than this, Hamilton had silently to see.

* *History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke.* By Thomas Macknight. London: Chapman and Hall.

Hyperbolic phrases of this kind tend rather to provoke contradiction than to exalt the glory which they are intended to celebrate. The test of oratory is success with the audience immediately addressed; and when it is admitted that Burke was sometimes thought tedious, it is idle to reproach the House of Commons with the bad taste of its impatience. His knowledge of individual character was undoubtedly defective, so that he exercised comparatively little influence over his personal friends; but it may be doubted whether the powers of Fox or of Pitt, added to his own, would have enabled him to rise to the first rank in a party which never professed to class its members in the exact order of capacity or merit. Burke deliberately associated himself with an aristocratic body, in the belief that the influence of rank and property furnished the best security for the maintenance of constitutional liberty. In the speech on Economical Reform, in the Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents, and on many other occasions, he entered into the elaborate justification of his attachment to the party connexion which he had chosen:—

If [he said, in his Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol] I have wandered out of the paths of rectitude into those of interested faction, it was in company with the Saviles, the Dowdeswells, the Wentworths, the Bentincks—with the Lennoxes, the Manchesters, the Keppels, the Saunderses—with the temperate, permanent, hereditary virtue of the whole House of Cavendish—names, among which some have extended your fame and empire in arms, and all have fought the battle of your liberty in fields not less glorious.

Burke was well aware that he had himself done more to serve the common cause than all the members of the great Whig families whom he vouches as sureties for his patriotism; but he also knew that, except as the adherent of a great aristocratic league, he would have found himself wholly powerless. When the struggle of fifteen years was at last rewarded by a passing success, it was not surprising that the Treasury was occupied by a Wentworth, the Admiralty by a Keppel, or that the Exchequer was dignified by the temperate, permanent, and hereditary virtue of Lord John Cavendish. The great orator who, at the Foreign Office and in the House of Commons, directed and inspired the whole Administration, was himself a nephew of the house of Lennox; and the gifted son of a Dublin attorney thought that he had no reason to complain because he was relegated to the inferior office of Paymaster of the Forces. The party had, rightly or wrongly, devoted all their energies to counteract the King in his supposed policy of aggrandizing the prerogative. Burke himself had taught them that "Kings are naturally lovers of low company—they are so elevated above the rest of mankind, that they must look upon all their subjects as on a level;" and he had recorded with complacency the observation that "men of condition naturally love to be about a court; and women of condition love it much more." It would have been an inconsistency unworthy of the dignity and modesty of his character, if he had claimed in his own favour an exemption from the natural conditions of an aristocratic connexion and policy.

It was not surprising that the numerous enemies whom he provoked should designate their opponent as an Irish adventurer, for his personal circumstances might excite a reasonable suspicion when he had not yet disarmed calumny by a life of disinterested purity. In 1761, he had been willing, as a penniless man of letters, to follow the fortunes of Gerard Hamilton, then Secretary at Dublin. In 1768, without any ostensible accession of fortune, he purchased the not inconsiderable estate of Gregories, with a house which, according to his biographer, "was very pleasantly situated, and with its noble colonnades and graceful porticoes, its statues, paintings, gardens, conservatory, and pleasure grounds, all arranged with excellent taste, and carefully kept in order, had a most refined and even classical appearance." Mr. Macknight mistranslates a well-known quotation when he represents Johnson as simply admiring the splendours of Beaconsfield. *Non equidem invidio, miror magis*, was a natural remark from a visitor who had known the owner of the house in his humbler days. It would have been illiberal to grudge splendour and luxury to one who so well deserved them; but it was certainly a matter of wonder that they should have been so easily acquired. Mr. Macknight perhaps furnishes a sufficient explanation of Burke's comparative prosperity. His brother Richard and his kinsman William Burke had speculated largely and successfully in India Stock, and a part of their gains was certainly invested in the new purchase. At a later period, Lord Rockingham, who had already lent or given considerable sums for the same purpose, advanced the means of paying off the encumbrances held by the family, and at his death he discharged Burke by his will from all liabilities to his estate. The total amount of these benefactions was not less than 30,000*l.*, a sum which may have considerably exceeded the purchase money of Gregories. For three or four years Burke held, with questionable propriety, the agency for the Province of New York, with a salary of 500*l.* a year. During his brief tenure of the Paymastership he received 4000*l.* a year, and in his old age his public services were scantily rewarded by the pension which occasioned his famous letter to the Duke of Bedford. His narrow means were rendered still more insufficient by a princely liberality, which resulted equally from his disposition and his principles. He advised his son, then entirely dependent on himself, always to give away something, however poor he might be, if only that he might not lose the habit of giving. His generous patronage of Crabbe, and of Barry the

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painter, proves his discrimination as well as his liberality. Mr. Macknight copies from a predecessor the pleasant story of his good nature in treating all the children at an Irish fair to a strolling theatrical exhibition:—"This must be my own pleasure," he said to a friend who offered to share the expense; "I shall perhaps never again have the opportunity of making at so small a cost so many human beings happy."

Burke would have exercised a wider influence if he had lived in the days of full Parliamentary reports. His speeches are almost undistinguishable from his written compositions, and while his pamphlets might have been spoken with effect, the logical and elaborate arguments which he addressed to the House of Commons would have gained rather than lost by being read. It was not unnatural that he should take an active part in modifying or suspending the privileges of the House in favour of newspaper printers. Thus, in the singular language of his present biographer, "the foul spectre which darkness had engendered shrank away from that glorious Lucifer, son of the morning, the reporter in the gallery." In those days, however, Parliament kept better hours, so that, even when Burke was speaking, the reporter seldom found himself, like the morning star, adorning the gallery at two or three o'clock in the morning. The faithful biographer naturally protests against Goldsmith's admiring satire on the orator:—

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

It appears, in fact, that at the time to which the poet refers Burke was in the habit of speaking, not while his hearers were waiting for dinner, but at an hour still more unfavourable to patience and attention—when they had not only dined, but sat long after dinner. A House with a third of its members the better or the worse for wine, must certainly have furnished a troublesome audience to the most systematic and voluminous of speakers. It would not be difficult to show that Goldsmith's graceful criticism is in other respects unfounded. A man of genius, fraught with all statesmanlike learning, was better employed "straining his throat" to influence the House of Commons than in any other position or occupation which fortune could have offered; for what he gave to his party was then most directly applied to the service of mankind. The charge of unseasonable profundity and unintelligible refinement is perfectly inapplicable to an orator who never lapses into obscurity, enigma, or paradox. It is highly probable that Burke may have been too honest, too wise, and often too long for his hearers; but the strain which was imposed on their continuous endurance involved no effort of concentrated attention. His speeches are so full, so lucid, and so flowing, that they require no collateral study to render them interesting to readers in the present day who are only moderately well informed. The famous exposition of his plan of Economical Reform, although the topic might even at the time have been thought dry and repulsive, may still amuse and interest a generation wholly indifferent to the obsolete jobbery of the eighteenth century. The ingenious devices of corruption were sufficiently ludicrous in themselves, although their assailant was certainly not a deep or subtle humorist. The failure of previous schemes of reform, "because the King's turnspit was a member of Parliament," was the most effective of ready-made epigrams:—

The King's domestic servants were all undone, his tradesmen remained unpaid and became bankrupt, because the turnspit of the King's kitchen was a member of Parliament. His Majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken, because the King's turnspit was a member of Parliament. The judges were unpaid, the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way; the Foreign Ministers remained inactive and unprovided; the system of Europe was dissolved; the chain of our alliances broken; all the wheels of Government at home and abroad were stopped, because the King's turnspit was a member of Parliament.

Another passage from the same speech offers a good example of the plain idiomatic English which is the proper vehicle of contemptuous invective:—

The Province of Nova Scotia was the youngest and favourite child of the Board. Good God! what sums the nursing of that ill-thriven, hard-visaged, and ill-favoured brat has cost to this wittol nation! This colony has stood us in a sum of not less than seven hundred thousand pounds. To this day it has made no repayment. It does not even support those offices of expense, which are mis-called its Government; the whole of that job still lies upon the patient, callous shoulders of the people of England.

In language of this kind there is assuredly nothing too refined or too deep for the simplest hearer; but it may be admitted that Burke's oratory was unduly copious and didactic, and in his later years too elaborately gorgeous. The feelings and the reason are scarcely ever in full operation at the same moment. An elaborate demonstration, founded on an exhaustive collection of facts, must be addressed to a calm judgment inconsistent with the excitement which it is the function of eloquence to excite and to sustain.

Mr. Macknight has brought his narrative down to the death of Lord Rockingham, in 1780, including the brightest and happiest portion of his hero's career. The efforts of subsequent years were not less extraordinary, but they were frequently wasted and comparatively hopeless. The violent and one-sided prosecution of Hastings led to no satisfactory result; and even the protest against French Jacobinism, though it determined the course of English opinion for more than one generation, ultimately took the form of violent and exaggerated hostility to the inevitable pro-

gress of events. The veteran statesman at last became the dupe of unworthy French exiles, who played on his vanity and on his paternal affection by employing his son in make-believe diplomacy, while they pretended to seek the father's advice in the hope of receiving his political support. The biographer will do wisely to approach the old age of Burke in a calmer and more critical frame of mind than that which has been applied to the efforts of his earlier manhood; yet some enthusiasm may be excused in an admirer who has long been engaged in the contemplation of an extraordinary intellect united with a blameless character. The greatest politician must sometimes be influenced by the illusions of the time, and it is easy to smile at the terror which the supposed projects of the Court excited in the minds of the Rockingham Whigs and of their illustrious partisan. The final triumph of the King in 1784 has not led to the consequences which contemporary patriots anticipated when they found that the political inheritance of the Duke of Newcastle had not devolved on Lord Rockingham; but if the policy which Burke shared with his party is obsolete, his larger and more distinctive political principles have become the rule of modern legislation and government. A sound political economist before Adam Smith, and a supporter of Catholic Emancipation when Plunket and O'Connell were in their infancy, Burke repeatedly protested against paper constitutions and abstract theories of policy long before the French Revolution inoculated the world with a spurious and morbid Liberalism. It is in his speeches and writings that foreigners may study to the best advantage the principles which, in their historical operation, bear the name of the English Constitution.

WESTERN AFRICA.*

OF all the numerous regions with which we hold habitual intercourse, none is so savage, and in many other respects so uninviting, as the Western coast of Africa. Barbarous tribes, slave-trading, and coast-fever, are the principal associations which it recalls; but it is unquestionably true that in many respects it has a stronger claim on our sympathies, and is entitled to a larger share of our interest, than many more civilized districts, for it may at no very distant period become the scene of a most important commerce, and the home of a population endowed, in spite of sufficiently obvious defects, with many sterling qualities, both moral and intellectual. Western Africa has also the advantage of being an uninviting country to the common run of tourists. Unless a man really knows something about it, he is not likely to choose it as the subject of a book. Mr. Hutchinson, well known for his account of the expedition up the Niger and other African rivers, in 1854, which he accompanied in the capacity of surgeon, has just published a curious little book, in which he describes the general features and products of a very considerable extent of country. His statements give us a good idea of what the existing state of the native tribes on the coast actually is, of the nature of the prospects opened to them by civilization, and of the fitness of the country for European inhabitants.

The tribes of Western Africa, though exceedingly barbarous, are some steps higher in the scale of civilization than the naked hordes described by Dr. Livingstone and other explorers of the central regions of the continent. All along the coast are to be found a succession of towns at considerable distances from each other, and governed by petty independent princes, who, however, are for the most part not altogether unacquainted with Europeans, and with some of the usages of civilized life. Most of these towns are inexpressibly filthy, but still they are regularly laid out in streets and market-places after a fashion, and are inhabited by fixed populations. Some of them have even a considerable trade. Lagos, for example, received at one time for exportation as much as sixty or seventy thousand gallons of palm-oil a-week. Brass and Bonny Town are places of considerable size and importance, and were formerly the centres of the slave-trade. From the latter as many as twenty thousand slaves a-year used to be exported, and fairs for the sale of human beings were held there regularly every five or six weeks. All the African tribes have a great taste for trade; and since the discontinuance of the traffic in slaves, the people of Bonny have taken up that of palm-oil with equal energy. There are generally as many as twelve or fifteen vessels, of an aggregate burden of from nine to twelve thousand tons, in the Bonny river. Old Kalabar is very like Bonny. It exported formerly upwards of sixty cargoes of slaves annually, and it is still an exceedingly busy place. The market-place is constantly crowded with several hundred people, who buy and sell palm-nuts, cocoa-nuts, oranges, elephant's-flesh, goats, fowls, and a variety of English manufactured goods, by the help of a currency which consists of pieces of copper wire blackened and bent into a horse-shoe form. According to Mr. Hutchinson's experience, no stench that ever assailed the human nose is comparable to that which exudes from the frequenters of the Old Kalabar market. "You feel conscious of its permeating the whole surface of your body. . . . It hovers about you and sticks to your clothes, and galls you to such an extent that with stick and umbrella you try to beat it off."

* *Impressions of Western Africa; with Remarks on the Diseases of the Climate, and a Report on the Peculiarities of Trade up the Rivers in the Bight of Biafra.* By F. J. Hutchinson, Esq., late Consul for the Bight of Biafra and the Island of Fernando Po. London: Longmans. 1858.

The most remarkable feature about these towns is the superstition of their inhabitants. They are fetish worshippers of the lowest grade. Each tribe has its special fetish or Ju-Ju, which requires to be appeased by some propitiatory sacrifice. At Brass, the most barbarous of all the towns on the coast, children are occasionally sacrificed to the Ju-Ju of the surf, in order to get him to allow ships to come in. At New Kalabar the shark is the Ju-Ju, and once in seven years the tawniest negro child that can be obtained is offered up at the mouth of the river as a sacrifice to him. At this town there is a temporal king, and a spiritual or Ju-Ju king, who asserts supremacy over him. In Brass all the men of property have private Ju-Ju houses, ornamented with strange carvings of ivory and wood. In Bonny Town the Ju-Ju house is inexpressibly horrible. It is almost built of human bones. The pillars of the doors are formed out of skulls. The floors are paved with them, and an altar of skulls is erected in the inside, on which is laid a dead iguana, for the iguana is one of the principal Ju-Jus of the Bonny river. A string of jawbones hangs by the walls, and these ghastly relics are said to be trophies taken from a neighbouring tribe with whom, a few years ago, the people of Bonny waged a furious war.

Closely connected with the Ju-Ju superstition are the ordeals, which are in use as a mode of carrying on judicial investigations on some parts of the coast, and which strangely resemble in some particulars those which were anciently in use in our own country. One of them, indeed, is almost identical with the ancient ordeal by boiling water which was in use in England in the thirteenth century. Just as, with us, the culprit had to plunge his arm into boiling water, so, in Old Kalabar, he has to receive boiling palm-oil in his hand. If he is burnt, he is convicted—if not, acquitted. Other ordeals are the rubbing of the eyes with water in which pepper has been bruised, the swinging of a dish with water in it, running a needle through the lobe of the ear, and rolling a stone between a black and a white line. If the eyes inflame, if the water is spilt, if the needle breaks, if the stone rolls to the black mark, the accused person is convicted. The most remarkable of all these ordeals is what is called the "chop-nut" test. The legal theory of Kalabar is, that every death is caused by witchcraft. In consequence of this opinion, whenever a death occurs, it is thought necessary that some one or other should be put to the test of the "chop-nut." This nut is the seed of a plant—not unlike a French bean in appearance, completely tasteless, and quite unlike any European product. It is intensely poisonous, and Dr. Christison, of Edinburgh, very nearly lost his life in trying experiments with it. It would seem to act in the same manner as the poison of strychnia, producing convulsions, and finally death. "All him body walk," said an eye-witness to Mr. Hutchinson, in describing its effects. The question as to who is to undergo the ordeal of drinking a decoction of this deadly poison is decided by the "Abiadiong," or medicine man, who sits by the dying man, performs various incantations, and finally announces his decision. As the medicine man is open to bribery, the ordeal is rather an improvement on the old practice, according to which the person named was immediately strangled.

Another institution, which, as well as the ordeal, has a parallel in European history, is what is called the "Egbo" order. It is a contrivance for the administration of justice not altogether unlike that of the famous Vehmgericht, and it may also be compared in some particulars to freemasonry. There are eleven grades in the Egbo fraternity, to the three highest of which slaves are not admissible. The order has secret signs and meetings; and if any of the members, or any slave, whether a member or not, is aggrieved, he may appeal to the first Egboman he meets by slapping his stomach, or by tolling the Egbo bell suspended for that purpose in the market-place. Hereupon, an Egbo meeting is immediately held to redress the wrong, but if the complaint is trivial the complainant is punished. Each order of Egbo has an "Idem"—a personage who is disguised as a sort of ghost, and is supposed to be the spiritual representative of the order. If any member wishes to have a debt recovered, he sends the Idem through the town, fantastically dressed (for he is supposed by a legal fiction to have been evoked from the woods) and armed with a huge cow-hide whip, with which he flogs any slave, male or female, whom he meets, and any Egboman who is not of his own order. If there are no slaves for him to flog in the streets, he has a right to enter their houses and flog them there. How this process recovers the debt we are not told, unless, indeed, the flogging goes on promiscuously till some one or other pays the money.

Such is the black side of Mr. Hutchinson's picture; but his book contains a far more cheerful one. Wherever good government and Christianity have been introduced, the negroes show a surprising capacity for many of the functions of civilized life. The best evidence of this is contained in a most interesting letter from Mr. Samuel Crowther, a native clergyman of the Church of England, on the character of the Yoruba country, which lies inland of Lagos. In that region is situated the town of Abeokuta, a place which now contains upwards of one hundred thousand inhabitants, who have succeeded in establishing themselves in an independent position against the tyranny of the King of Dahomey. Where the influence of the slave-trade is not felt, the people are very industrious, and occupy themselves in farming and trading. They are mostly heathens, but many

of them have of late years been converted to Mahometanism through the agency of the Fellutah invasion, which is gradually extending from north to south through a great part of the African continent. Many also have of late years become Christians. The people have several curious institutions. They have substituted for slavery a system of pawning. A man pawns himself for so many cowries, and works out the loan. He is not, during this period, the property of the pawnee, but is sent back to his relations if he is taken ill or commits any crime, in which case the relations must pay the money. Saving clubs are also common in the Yoruba country. All pay so much a fortnight till a certain sum is collected, which is given to the poorest member of the club, and so on till each has had his turn.

The Krumen are spoken of in high terms by Mr. Hutchinson. They are a promising race, being, as he says, extremely strong and laborious. They let themselves out as apprentices to a set of headmen, who contract with the captains of ships for their services, and get a certain portion of their wages by way of premium. After a few voyages in English ships, the Krumen learn the Anglo-African jargon which is in use on the coast, and become headmen themselves. Mr. Hutchinson's impression about the negroes is that they are extremely eager to be taught, and well aware of their deficiencies. They pay taxes at Cape Coast Castle with the greatest alacrity, and are quite willing and even anxious to pay more in order that they may have more protection and more education. Mr. Hutchinson's book contains some curious observations on malaria fever, which he believes to be avoidable by proper precautions, and especially by the use of quinine wine as a prophylactic. Inasmuch as the expedition which he accompanied as surgeon lost not a single man from this cause after being up the rivers one hundred and twenty-two days, his evidence would seem to be of importance.

In taking leave of Mr. Hutchinson's book, we wish to express our regret that we omitted to notice, at the time of its publication—about a year and a half back—a work on the same subject by Mr. Wilson, an American missionary, who lived for seventeen years on the coast. It gives substantially, though more fully, the same information as Mr. Hutchinson's volume, and is remarkably interesting and well-written.

THE QUEENS OF PRUSSIA.*

MISS ATKINSON tells us that the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Crown Prince of Prussia encourages her to bring a history of the Queens of Prussia before the public. Of course, in one sense, her reason is a good one—there never was a time more propitious for the appearance of such a book. But it would be difficult to say for what good reason the work was ever written. It is not a history of public characters. "None of the Queens of Prussia," to quote the author's admission, (which must, however, be slightly qualified,) "had any share in the Government, or interfered in political affairs." Nor were they in any other sense distinguished women. There are six in all whose lives Miss Atkinson gives us, and four out of these were the merest ciphers, while the other two have only escaped oblivion, one as the friend of Leibnitz, and the other by her misfortunes. They cannot be taken as representatives of German female society. Their position forbade them the *salon du salon*, had it been possible to their talents or in their country. But the fact is, that except two or three Jewesses, such as Henriette Herz and Rahel von Ense, no woman has ever achieved for herself a distinct social position in Germany. The biographies of the Queens, therefore, are really the domestic lives of their husbands, and the chronicles of the Court. A few popular memoirs have supplied the staple of the book—there is no attempt at research, and nothing that displays a real insight into the character of the times and people described. On the other side, there is some real merit in the narration. Bating some little angularities of expression, the style is easy and clear; it is everywhere the work of an English lady, who has cast a pure light over difficult and gross subjects; there is a profusion of lively anecdotes, and they are woven together by a sufficient strand of text. To many, the facts recorded will be new and interesting; and the little accident that they are mostly quite unconnected with the title and purpose of the book will probably not hinder it from obtaining a fair circulation.

The Queen whom the friendship of Leibnitz has made memorable, was Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederick I. of Prussia, and sister of our own George I. Nature gave her the royal virtues of her time—beauty, intellect, and a cold heart. An early visit to Versailles had completed her taste for the superficial culture of French manners. Those were the days when even German substantives were expelled by their French equivalents in literature, and when a lady of Berlin wrote over to her agent in Paris to furnish her with a foreign husband. Sophia Charlotte, on the throne of Prussia, became the founder of an academy, which, of course, took its colour from the German soil. The Queen herself was a metaphysician, always teasing Leibnitz, as he complained, to know the *pourquoi du pourquoi*. Her position, as the wife of a frivolous and weak monarch, enabled her to grapple with one question which has baffled ordinary research. When Leibnitz sent her a paper upon the Infinitely Small, she exclaimed signif-

* *Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia.* By Emma Willsher Atkinson. London: Kent and Co.

cantly, "Does he think that the wife of Frederick I. can need a dissertation upon infinite littleness?" In spite of the influence of the author of the *Theodicea*, she occasionally strayed into scepticism. Some good feeling, but less good sense, perhaps, displayed themselves in a fruitless aspiration to bring about the union of the Protestant Churches in Germany. It is refreshing, after the account of all her learned labours, to know that she was really fond of her son, though the brutal self-will which he displayed in after-life was due to his mother's injudicious tenderness. Characteristically enough, he never forgave her for having spoiled so fine a character. She died long before he ascended the throne. Almost her last words were philosophical and conjugal, as her life had been:—"Do not pity me; I am about to satisfy my curiosity upon the causes of things which Leibnitz could never explain to me; and I shall provide the King the spectacle of a funeral procession, which will give him occasion to display all imaginable magnificence."

We may pass lightly over the Queens with no character at all who succeeded Sophia Charlotte. Few probably will care to know how the second wife of Frederick I. went mad, literally "in white satin," under the influence of the Pietists—how Sophia Dorothea was by turns beaten by her husband or making her children wretched—in what decorous dulness the married widowhood of the Queen of Frederick the Great was passed—or how his nephew and heir succeeded in degrading an amiable woman by forcing her to mix in the society of his seraglio. There is fortunately one redeeming chapter in the annals of Prussian Queens. Louisa, the consort of Frederick William III., was heroic by the side of a weak husband, pure amidst the influences of a corrupt court, and a suppliant, without degradation, in the presence of Napoleon. Why so beautiful a life should have been wrecked upon such times, or ruined by such men, is among the unsearchable questions which daily baffle and confound our philosophy. After all, we must take refuge in the school-boy theme that the sunshine only paints clouds, while the darkness kindles worlds in the deeper heavens. Except for Jena, Louisa of Prussia might have lived and died with no other purpose answered than to have won her husband's love and charmed the Court.

All who came near her speak of the fascinations of her manner and her look. They were the charms that gave simplicity a grace, for Louisa was never chilled into affectation by the frost of Prussian etiquette. To the horror of all Berlin, the report spread soon after her marriage with the (then) Crown Prince, that they called each other *Du*. The King thought it right to remonstrate, but his observations were quietly put aside. Even after his elevation to the throne, Frederick William might be seen with his young wife, driving or walking out unattended, mixing in the throng of the Christmas market, or making excursions into the fields and woods. This freshness of taste did not prevent the young Queen from performing the duties of her station punctually. The Court was drawn into her circle and became a family, while the happy tact of her manner made the dignity which she never overstepped an additional charm. But those were not days in which the pastoral life of Arcadia or of Watteau was possible. The shepherdess of the fields, with sun-burnt face, and the shepherdess of the Court with hoop and patches, were transforming themselves into actual sisters and wives, waiting for the news of German disaster in the great struggle with Napoleon. Prussia calculated the hazards of war and the price of neutrality; only its Ministers forgot that the conqueror, who was never generous enough to forgive an open enemy, was yet, by right of a great mind, contemptuous of all baseness, and prone to punish it as an injury when he had profited by it as a crime. While the Berlin Cabinet was estimating the revenues of Hanover, French officers were already boasting of their future campaign along the Elbe. Alive to his danger when it was too late, Frederick William rushed into a war which he had neither generals to conduct nor men to support. The State was rotten to the core, and the army had shared its degradation. Officers who owed their rank to their birth, their morals to France, and their discipline to a mechanical tradition—men who followed stolidly because the cudgel was a nearer danger than the bayonet—and War Ministers who were in the pay of the enemy, complete the prelude of the drama which begins with Jena and is only ended in Leipsic. To all careful observers the dark shades of the picture were scarcely heightened when a fortress surrendered without resistance to a summons from Murat's hussars.

The Queen had been present with the army till the very eve of battle, supporting the courage of her husband and animating the troops to do their duty. Miss Atkinson defends her with justice from the old calumnies of the *Moniteur*, which assailed her as unwomanly. On the other hand, the fact that such men as Kalkreuth and Gentz viewed her presence in the camp as of real importance for the issue of the campaign in some sense justifies Napoleon's anger; for she was a partisan and a power in herself, not merely the wife of the king. It is difficult, no doubt, to draw the line, but if women are to take part in kindling a war, they must expect to share the bitterness of the *væ victis*. Louisa of Prussia expiated the crime of an energetic patriotism severely. During the terrible years of "the passion-time of Prussia," as it has been called, she was condemned to a feverish monotony of solitude and suspense, often separated from her husband, and constantly hearing the tidings of fresh disasters.

Naturally her mind took refuge in religion, and was made more spiritual by suffering—the unconquerable hope that sustained her is well shown in her praise of the 126th Psalm. "Amidst all the sorrow it expresses, the conquering hope rises like the morning dawn, and through the storm of misfortune one hears the glad song of the victor. There is in it a spirit of sadness and yet of triumph—of resignation, yet of glad confidence; it is a Hallelujah in tears." But Louisa was one of those who are "martyrs without the palm." Ruined and deserted by its ally, Prussia had now no hope of safety except in the magnanimity of the conqueror; and in the hope that a woman might effectually appeal to this, the Czar arranged a diplomatic meeting at Tilsit:—

At dinner, Louisa was seated between the two Emperors; Napoleon treated her with the greatest deference, and no opportunity did she allow to slip which could bring in a word for Prussia. Her husband, seated on Napoleon's left hand, and feeling all the sacrifice that she was making for his sake, was even more dejected than usual: he spoke of the pain of losing hereditary provinces. "Such losses are common in the chances of war," said the Emperor. "Your Majesty can afford to make light of it," replied the King, somewhat hastily; "you do not know what it is to lose provinces which have descended to you, and which you can forget as little as your cradle." "The camp should be the cradle; a man has no time to think about such things," said Napoleon. At the conclusion of the repast, he plucked a rose from a tree which stood at the window, and presented it to the Queen. "I accept it," said she, "but not without Magdeburg." Napoleon answered roughly, "I must observe to your Majesty, that it is I who give and you who receive the gift." "There is no rose without thorns, but none with such thorns as this," said the Queen, sadly.

Imperial magnanimity, even from a Napoleon to an old ally, was not very fruitful in good results, and Prussia learned by experience that it would have been cheaper, as well as nobler, to accept war betimes. But whilst the nation was recovering its lost energies under the scourge of foreign dominion, the Queen was slowly dying of a broken heart. Sometimes it was the recollection of her useless and passionate appeals to the conqueror that distressed her. "I wept, I entreated in the name of pity, of humanity, in the name of our misfortunes, of the laws which govern the world; and I was only a woman, and yet how high exalted above this adversary, so poor, so faint of heart." Sometimes she glowed with sympathy for some fresh outbreak. "What a man is this Andrea Hofer! a peasant is become a general, and what a general; his arms are prayer, his ally God; he fights on bended knee, with folded hands, and conquers as with the flaming sword of the cherubim." Even her studies were not passionless—she finds that "there is already a tincture of the Frenchman about Charlemagne, which rather startles me." The world was fading from her, and she was not to see the resurrection of her people. Life passed from her in a short agony, while she was still wondering that her husband's "embrace was so passionate, as if he was bidding me farewell, as if I must die." With a fine perception of what was due to her, after the first victory in which the honour of Prussia had been retrieved, Frederick William laid a laurel wreath upon her coffin. And in the war of liberation, the Order of the Iron Cross, which seemed a symbol of her destiny, was founded upon her birthday; and the Luisen Order of Sisters of Charity took its name from the first German lady who had sacrificed herself for the Fatherland.

THE COMMERCE OF INDIA.*

THE East India Company's College at Haileybury has been sacrificed to an experiment about which we have heard no word of good augury uttered since it came into operation, and of which only its most sanguine admirers can believe that it will have fair time allowed for its trial. But, be that as it may, it is a satisfaction to those who appreciate the benefits which that College has conferred on India, to know that some memorial of it will remain after its own career has been closed. The institution of the Lebas prize, of which the volume before us is the first-fruits, furnishes such a memorial, trifling as it may be. Upon the retirement, some years since, of Principal Lebas, his old pupils in India contributed a sum of about 2000*l.* to found an annual prize, to bear his name in his own University of Cambridge—a pleasing testimony to their sense of his personal merits, and of their obligations to the institution over which he had latterly presided, and of which, from the time of his connexion with it as a Professor, he had been one of the most distinguished ornaments. It was a testimony also to the feeling of companionship and union natural to men who had run the same course in the *quadrilateral* College, to whom the same scenes were familiar and dear, and by whom, in spite of years and distance, the same recollections were cherished. Such kindred associations are cheap instruments for ruling an empire, yet assuredly they have not been without their value as elements of sympathy and cohesion to our administration in India. Those who have witnessed the biennial meetings of stray civilians on furlough at Haileybury on Directors' day, may have felt that the College was a powerful engine not of education only, but of government. But we say no more. The English nation, we are told on high authority, never retraces its steps.

The Lebas prize is adjudged to the best essay by a Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge, on a subject connected with the history of India and the East, but it is not required, we believe, that the successful composition should be printed. Mr. Irving, however, having

* *The Commerce of India.* By E. A. Irving, M.A. 1858.

twice gained the victory, has naturally considered the present a fitting moment for publishing at least one of his essays, after an interval of five or six years. He seems to have revised and made some, but not considerable, additions to it; and the sketch with which he now presents us of the Commerce of India, the routes it has at different times taken, and the political effects such changes have produced, may fairly take its place as a successor to Robertson's and Heeren's. Mr. Irving has done good service in thus bringing together, in a small compass, the chief points of interest in the long history of a commerce uninterrupted through nearly three thousand years; and while he has compiled his materials from the most accredited sources, his arrangement is clear, his style neat, with but little attempt at ambitious writing. In so young a writer, we cannot expect uniform vigilance and discretion in appreciating the statements before him, and he may have fallen into other occasional errors beside the one to which it may be well to call his attention. Mr. Irving cites the well-known statement of Pliny respecting the amount of silver annually drained from the Roman Empire by the commerce of India. "Pliny calculates that in this way no less than five hundred millions of sesterces, or about three millions of our money, was annually drained from the Empire." Now, putting the sesterce at 2*d.*, the sum would be, not three, but four millions of specie exported; and as, according to Pliny, the produce imported in exchange was sold at a hundred times its original value, the amount expended would then figure at four hundred millions. The population of the Empire cannot be rated higher than a hundred millions of souls; and accordingly we have an expenditure of four pounds per head for the whole number, slaves and children included, for silks, unguents, spices, and precious stones, the luxuries of the East. This, it will be seen at once, is quite preposterous. But the phrase of Pliny is *quingenties* (that is, fifty, not five hundred millions), and thus the sum is reduced to eight shillings per head—still, we think, much beyond the truth, unless we make a large allowance for loss and spoiling of goods on their long voyage.

This is a trifling matter. It is more important to point out the omission, in this history of Indian commerce, of a clear and definite statement of the articles of which it consisted. The imports from India into the West in ancient times were, it would appear, entirely articles of luxury. They consisted of unguents, dyes, and spices—pearls, gems, and ivory—stuffs, raw, but more often manufactured—and gold and silver trinkets. In modern times we have added to these several articles which have become almost necessities—such as rice and other grains, coffee and tea, and drugs, especially opium. The civilization of antiquity, it will be remembered, was confined to a zone of the northern hemisphere about a thousand miles in width, extending, as its furthest points, from Memphis to the Crimea and the latitude of the Alps. The products most essential for the use and consumption of man—corn, wine, oil, wool, leather—are common to almost all the countries which lie within 30° and 46° of north latitude, west of the Persian Gulf and the Caspian; so that the nations inhabiting these regions were for the most part independent of one another for all articles of primary importance. The staples of international commerce among them were articles of secondary necessity or luxury—such as the precious metals, manufactures, and ornaments—till the time when political causes collected great masses of population together in spots of less than average fertility, such as the coasts of Greece and Asia Minor, and latterly of Italy, which required the importation of corn from the regions most peculiarly fitted for its production. Hence arose the commerce of Greece with the Crimea, of Rome with Egypt, Spain, and Algeria. India meanwhile, and the southern half of Arabia—a country far less productive than India—were the only tropical countries known to the ancients. These regions produced for their own consumption most articles of necessity—either the same as those of the temperate zone, or equivalents for them; but besides these, they were rich in various products for which the West contracted a taste in early times, and for which, as objects of luxury, it was willing to make great sacrifices. India had no need of the corn of Europe, for it had its own rice. Probably the wines of the West, if among the natives of the tropics there had been a natural taste for them, would not have borne the long carriage. It had wool and leather in abundance, besides that it generally preferred for raiment its own fabrics of silk and cotton. The precious metals, it seems, were then, as now, the only objects for which it was dependent on other climes, and accordingly its produce could only be exchanged for gold and silver. The ancients indeed observed that there was a great abundance of manufactured gold in India, and they specified the Ghauts of Malabar as a region of gold mines; but modern inquirers have not, it is said, discovered any vestiges of the working of gold mines throughout the peninsula, and it is still a problem whence came so great an influx of this metal from the earliest times. In default of special information we can only conjecture that it was derived principally from the islands of the East, or from trans-Gangetic India. From the Roman Empire the exportation was almost entirely of silver, and silver has continued the great staple of Western exchange ever since.

Most remarkable it must seem, that an interchange of articles of taste and luxury on the one hand, and of merely artificial value on the other, should have continued in constant operation for three thousand years between such widely distant portions of

the earth's surface—subject, both of them, to so many and such violent revolutions—and that by routes and methods which have varied in every possible way from age to age. The route from the West to India by the Red Sea, three times lost within the records of history, is now recovered for the fourth time. The commerce which has survived the discovery of America and the opening of trade with many other tropical countries in either hemisphere, is even now largely developing itself in the face of so many rivals. Those who cling to the notion that ancient history has a way of repeating itself, will perhaps venture to anticipate that the Old World will beat the New in the end, and that Europe will again seek its cotton and its sugar in India, when the interlopers of the West have run their ephemeral career, and vanished from the stage of competition. With such elements of stability and permanence in their commercial relations, it is evident that European nations have no other interest in India than the maintenance of her tranquillity, and the development of her productive powers. Neither England nor any of our rivals need have wished to conquer her. It was our policy to protect her from internal dissensions and foreign aggression—the extension of our dominion over her by force of arms has been an accident forced upon us by an untoward necessity. Accordingly, instead of boasting of their conquests—the glory of which, after all, with our vast natural and acquired superiority, may be easily overrated by national vanity—our merchant princes have rather sought to disguise them. They have studied to maintain to the last the notion that they are a commercial company, not a political government—that they are the protectors of India, not her rulers—that they are the trustees, not the owners of Indian land and property. They have wished to exhibit to the world the noble spectacle of a vast population learning to govern itself, under the auspices of superior benevolence and wisdom. It may be that this was an illusion; and so, no doubt, many persons will have been persuaded by the terrible events of the past year; but at least it sprang from a generous and high-minded feeling, and it had the effect of imbuing a conquering race with sentiments of moderation. When the government of India is given directly to the Crown, the veil, thin as it may be, will be torn away. She will be seen and known as a province of the empire, not as a field of commercial speculation; the relations which have prevailed between her and Europe for three thousand years, as of free countries bartering their produce freely with one another, will be exchanged for those of mother-country and dependency; and however wise and liberal our notions of Imperial policy may be at the present moment, it is not certain they they will always stand the strain of passion and cupidity which have hitherto made tyrants of mother-countries and rebels of dependencies.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.*

THERE is nothing which women like so much as a good consultation. They enjoy the bustle and flurry and intermittent excitement of giving each other advice, of repeating the same arguments, of expanding the same statements, and harping on the same difficulties. It never seems to be a source of depression or regret with them, as it would be with the hastier sex, that they do not get any further forward. There is something softening and comforting to them in platitudes. They feel at home and at ease when they listen to the uninterrupted flow of commonplace remarks and obvious suggestions. And it must be admitted that, either through natural aptitude or acquired skill, they display an art of making platitudes agreeable, and a power of avoiding the appearance of giving utterance to what is simply contemptible, which is quite out of the reach of men, and which often succeeds in lulling even male hearers into a state of patient melancholy. Clergymen, especially, at minor parochial meetings, go through a great deal of this sort of thing, and appear at last to imbibe something of the spirit of those with whom they consort. There is therefore every reason to expect that *A Woman's Thoughts about Women* will find a circle of willing readers. It comes from the pen of an authoress who, in *John Halifax*, showed a power of thought and writing much beyond the average. Her sisters will accordingly feel that she may legitimately claim her turn to offer advice. The writing is good and the sense sound; but masculine critics will probably find that their chief interest consists in observing how prettily, and confidently, and lengthily, the platitudes which it inevitably contains are strung together. The whole construction impresses and pleases us much in the same way that a tasteful bonnet or dress does. The materials in themselves may be ordinary, but the most is made of everything. A flower is stuck here and a bow there, and the result is something so apt, and becoming, and feminine, that we are delighted at the contrast between the means and the end, and are grateful to the artist who has managed to give us so much pleasure.

The *Woman's Thoughts* are discursive, and ladies will find few points on which they can accuse the authoress of neglecting to instruct them. Let us take, as a specimen of the book, the chapter on "Women of the World." What is there to be said about them? A man might describe them, or rail against them, or paint the fascinations he finds in their society; but if he came to write plain steady-going morality about them, he

* *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*. By the Author of "John Halifax." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

would reach the end of his materials in a dozen sentences. Not so our authoress. She has an immense deal to say. First of all, she begins with explaining that she is not going into the origin of evil, which we hear without surprise perhaps, but not without a feeling of satisfaction. She then lays down the propositions that a woman's proper place is home, and that a woman of the world is not a happy woman. This leads the authoress—who, it cannot be too often repeated, is evidently an excellent, genial, sensible woman—to protest against harsh judgments on women of the world, because the causes of their waste of life are unknown to those who pass judgment, and the woman of the world may have had all the excuse which unfavourable circumstances can give. The different kinds of women of the world, and the degrees in which they are slaves of custom, are next treated. The tyranny of custom affords an excuse for a very pleasant digression in favour of Love in a Cottage; and the chapter closes with an examination of the process by which women, who are no worse than their neighbours, become women of the world. No one can say that the points taken are recondite. They lie on the surface. Mr. Tupper would have thought of them in a minute. But the triumph of the authoress is in swelling them gently out, in setting them off, in exciting that sleepy curiosity about what is coming next, which can never be awakened except by real merit. There are such neat little stories and allusions interspersed, the style is so friendly and so lively—the work of art is, in short, so artfully put together—that we like it better and better the more we study it.

Sometimes, perhaps, we should be inclined to object that the authoress repeats what have become accepted or traditional platitudes without very good grounds. Women, for instance, and especially young girls, are represented in rather too unfavourable colours. It is a received doctrine, frequently adopted and repeated by the writer, that girls and young men are worse than they used to be, and this assumption is the groundwork of much of the moralizing. The young ladies are represented as caring only for dress and a good offer, the young gentlemen as absorbed in cigars and club luxuries. When we hear this kind of generalizing accusation, we should like to ask what is the period which is taken as the standard of comparison. What reason have we to think that there has been a change for the worse? To begin with education—that certainly has extended. A woman in the present day knows more than she would have done if she had been in the same class of life thirty years ago. We do not set much store by this, for the education is often superficial, and oftener useless, and a stupid woman is exactly the same whether she can talk German and keeps an aquarium or not. But still, if we look to society as a whole, we cannot doubt that women have gained something worth having in this direction. There is also so much fashion in the fluctuations of religionism, that we will not discuss whether women are really more pious than they used to be; but, at any rate, the possession of a smart *Church Service* and a constant attendance at Church cannot be construed into positive proofs of growing impiety. Nor will the heads of specific accusation bear much sifting. It is urged that young ladies are more extravagant than they used to be; but the reason is, that they have more money to spend. The increase of the wealth of England is so enormous, that it is as easy for a large number of families to buy silk dresses now, as it was for them to buy stuff dresses thirty years ago. Then, again, it is said that the tendency to display and decoration in costume has gained ground. Perhaps it has, but this is in a great measure owing to the mere fact that the money to spend on dress is much more plentiful, and the smartest things, being the most costly, are worn more frequently as the command of money is greater. We may dislike, indeed, the present fashion in dress, but that is quite a different thing. A girl does not change her character because she moves about in a cage of steel hoops. But the best way of settling the matter is by appealing to such works as the novels of Miss Austen. The girls of a past generation are there delineated as faithfully as lay within the powers of the greatest of moral miniature painters. The ordinary woman of the world of that day is sketched in *Mansfield Park*, and the ordinary silly girl of that day is sketched in *Pride and Prejudice*, and no two peas could be more alike than they are to their counterparts of the generation that is now flirting and gossiping.

We also venture to think that the tone of the book is occasionally pitched too high. There is a little too much of a "woman's mission" style of writing. Of course it is right to hold out a high standard, and, of course, women have a mission, if by a mission is meant that they have duties to perform, and that there is every reason to suppose they are called into existence for some wise purpose. But the expression of "woman's mission" is meant to do more than convey this. It is meant to create, by its vague grandiloquence, the notion that women have something sublime and mysterious to do which, until lately, no one ever heard of. The authoress is so sensible a woman, that we are sure she does not believe this, but she uses a sort of highflying language which belongs to a much worse school than her own. For instance, she calls being a governess "enrolling oneself in the scholastic order," and instead of saying that it does more harm than good for an unfit person to try to teach, she says that it is "absolute profanation." We do not much like this sort of language, but it ought to be said that its use probably arises from a feeling often observable in the sex. Women do not in

their hearts believe that they produce much impression on each other; and, accordingly, they give their advice the adventitious aids of frequent repetition and an extra degree of seriousness. The authoress of *A Woman's Thoughts* may therefore urge that she is more likely to have her counsel taken, if she occasionally abandons plain English. At any rate, it is not very often that she offends against taste. Her book is a very excellent book of the sort; and we hope that those to whom it is addressed, and for whose benefit it was written, may derive as much instruction as they are sure to derive pleasure from its pages.

THE MOORS AND THE FENS.*

THIS novel stands out much in the same way that *Jane Eyre* did among the crowd of wretched ephemerals incessantly streaming from the Minerva press. It fails in very much in which far more contemptible performances succeed. The style is that of an undergraduate writing for some Oxford Magazine; the plot is involved, eccentric, improbable; but the characters are evidently drawn by a mind which can realize fictitious characters with the same sort of minute intensity with which Professor Stanley can realize some bygone scene of history, or Mr. Hunt conceive the dying agonies of a goat starving in the desert. The personages in this book leave an impression on the memory which is indelible compared to the crowd of dim shadowy ghosts which flit in and out of the mind in the course of a twelve months' novel reading. Some of them are such as we meet every day—the commonplace units of society, whose picture only gives pleasure by telling of the skill of the hand that draws them. Others are of that extreme type of character which genius portrays and bookmakers caricature, but which both the one and the other must draw out of the depths, deep or shallow, of their internal consciousness, for they are as rare in real life as would be the character of Iago or Lady Macbeth. Yet it would be a pedantry of naturalism to drive them from the canvas of fiction because they can never be reflected from the mirror of life. They are the extreme expression, the concentrated form, of elements which in a more diluted state poison the characters of thousands; and the moralist, like the mathematician, is obliged to bend to the infirmity of human intellect, and to abstract qualities to a degree of impossible purity, in order to estimate their value and predict their results. It is to the portraiture of characters of this order, which belong more to imagination than reality, that the powers and taste of the author mainly incline; and he draws them with a vividness of colour and a sharpness of outline from which, as experience increases and early fervour dims, he will possibly be inclined somewhat to abate. The character of Sir Ernest Irvaine, the miser, is a case in point. No miser that we remember in the realm of fiction is so perfectly miserliness personified as Sir Ernest. Such misers as Tony Forster in *Kenilworth*, or "Old Consideration" in *Nigel*, are pale and wan by comparison with the intensity which, in this character, the author has given to the passion. These were mean and low-born men, in whose natures few of the other vices of age had come into competition with avarice; and even they are represented as yielding their avarice to paternal love. But in Sir Ernest, this and every other passion by which age can be attacked—a lofty pride of race, and a high territorial position—are represented as eaten out and overmastered by the "old gentlemanly vice." The same apparent exaggeration, but real imaginative power, is displayed in the *intrigante* Cecilia Warmont—a beautiful flirt, full of the most brilliant and versatile powers, but driven by an unquenchable thirst for power and adoration into using them merely for the purpose of sowing distrust between any whose mutual attachment might interfere with the absolute concentration of their idolatry on her.

In ninety-nine novels out of a hundred, such exaggerations would be denounced, and justly denounced, as daubs. Readers would naturally say that they knew high-born misers and charming *intrigantes*, but that they knew no "ruling passions incarnate" such as these. But there are exaggerations and falsenesses to nature which commend themselves to every cultivated mind as true to the ideal, though it would be hard to point out to any of the literary hacks who might follow in the same line with less happy result, what is the ideal to which he is to conform, or according to what standard they are justified and he is condemned. In all imitative art there is excellence which is not imitation. There is no doubt that a signboard-painting and the Venus de Medici are equally false to nature, if truth to nature is the truth of a looking-glass.

The style and the plot are, as we have said, an unworthy framework for the portraits. The turns of fortune on which the plot hinges are preposterously improbable. One hero runs away from his father's house, enlists as a private soldier, and by dint of sheer valour rises to be Governor-General of India—a termination of his career which we hope oppressed sons in general will not imagine to be the ordinary reward of bravery in the ranks. Another hero, represented as a very calm and sensible man, marries the heroine on a slight acquaintance, and then cuts her because he casually hears that a long time ago she had once flirted with a cousin. The heroine is twice disappointed of a large fortune by the testator dying in the act of making the bequest. And one of the principal characters of the

* *The Moors and the Fens.* By F.G. Trafford. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

book is a clerk at Paisley, who absconds with his employer's money, is searched for, but cannot be found, and afterwards not only comes out as a wealthy London merchant, but, in very contempt of the detective police, makes a tour of visits in Scotland. The style is still worse than the plot. It is occasionally ungrammatical—nominative cases not unfrequently appearing, which, after winding their way through a long string of dependent clauses, entirely forget to provide themselves with a verb at the end. But a still graver fault is the schoolboyish straining to be fine with which it is disfigured. This shows itself in a variety of ways. The text is riddled with inverted commas, by which the author seems to think he can impart a flavour of wit to hundreds of ordinary, unobtrusive words which usually find their way into English sentences without any such equivocal appendage. Sentences are lengthened out in this fashion—"In that generally awful thing which we briefly term 'reality'—" "those of beauty's daughters whom we generally call, to distinguish them from their darker sisters, 'blondes'"—two periphrases for which reality and blondes would have done exactly as well. But the most glaring and distasteful fault is the stream of rant on life, or death, or friendship, or the world, or any other similar hobby-horse of declamation, which the author pours forth on the faintest provocation. It looks as if the lavender-gloved sermon of the best quality from some West-end chapel had been macadamized into the body of the text.

Another subject on which we cannot forego a remonstrance, is the parentage of the author's ideas. "Only to think of all the things, and people, and places that quiet moon can see, and how calm and placid she looks notwithstanding," is a pretty idea no doubt; but most people have read *Don Juan*, and remember—

there's not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the mischief in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine smile,
And yet she looks so modest all the while.

Still more audacious is the copy of the miser's death-bed from Pope:—

At length the old man, as if struck by some sudden thought, made a feeble sign for Mr. Medill to bend his head close to him; and, concluding that perhaps some further, and hoping that some better desire had occurred, even at the eleventh hour, to the baronet, the solicitor inclined his ear in an eager, though still rather solemn professional death-bed style, to the white trembling lips.

"There is no use in wasting the candle," gasped his client; "blow it out." For a moment Mr. Medill felt too much astonished to obey; and then, ere he had time to comply with the request, born of "the ruling passion strong in death," a chill blast from the boundless gulf of eternity came sweeping through the room and extinguished for ever the faint mortal light that had flickered within the old miser's attenuated frame, with just sufficient distinctness to reveal to view the utter darkness and meanness of his narrow soul.

Surely he might have committed the theft quietly, without advertising the owner of the property by quoting the "ruling passion strong in death":—

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallowed taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

The tendency of critical jurisprudence has of late years set very strongly against charges of plagiarism. No doubt they had at one time increased beyond endurance—authors were in doubt whether they could even use their prepositions without being liable to the charge of poaching them from the Dictionary. We have no wish to disparage this merciful amelioration, or to recommend any retrogressive steps in the criminal code of letters; but when a man has the coolness to thieve from Pope and Byron, there is no choice but to leave him for execution.

NEW FRIENDS.*

THIS is one of the pleasant little books which, scarcely coming within the range of criticism, command a circle of interested and sympathizing readers, who have not yet learned to inquire why they are pleased. Nursery literature exercises a permanent and extensive influence, but it must be judged by canons of its own. In all other branches of fiction an ethical purpose is a troublesome and uncongenial excrescence. But juvenile books are expected to be instructive as well as amusing; and the writers willingly insert in the story, which attracts the child, the moral which is properly demanded by the mother. It is a common complaint, that the composition of religious and social novels has fallen too exclusively into the hands of women, and there can be no doubt that masculine calmness and indifference offer the best security against the prevalent evils of narrowness, sectarianism, and prudish intolerance; but no wise man would wish to take the management of infantine education from those who seem destined to the task by Nature. It is as fitting that women should train the minds of children, as that they should provide them with food and attendance. The miniature novels which occupy the shelves of school-rooms are composed with a perfect knowledge both of the society which they describe and of the readers for whom they are intended; and there can be no doubt that they tend to enlarge and to correct the first lessons of experience. Dr. Johnson was only partially in the right when he asserted that "babies don't want to read about babies like themselves, but about giants and fairies." There is for all

* *New Friends*: a Tale for Children. London: John W. Parker and Son.

ages an attraction in objects which are strange and surprising; but the portraiture of familiar every-day life is, at certain times, even more interesting. If little books of the class to which *New Friends* belongs are judiciously interspersed with the less moral studies of the *Seven Champions* and the *Arabian Nights*, children will cease to suspect that duty, like a sheep in wolf's clothing, is everywhere to be found under the disguise of pleasure.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A MEDICAL MAN, residing in London, will have a VACANCY for a RESIDENT PUPIL in OCTOBER next.—Application may be made by letter to Messrs. CORRY and Co., 300, High Holborn.

ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD.—THE PRINCIPAL OFFERS TO ADMIT, before the Long Vacation, for Residence in the following Michaelmas or Lent Terms, GENTLEMEN WILLING TO ADOPT A STRICTLY FRUGAL SCALE OF EXPENSES.

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TO FAMILIES GOING TO SYDNEY OR MELBOURNE.—A LADY wishes to obtain a SITUATION as LADIES' ATTENDANT and NEEDLEWOMAN for a RESPECTABLE WIDOW, twenty-six years' old, who is anxious to join her Relatives near Melbourne, but who would not object to remain for some time after reaching Australia in the service of the family by whom she might be engaged. She is intelligent, neat, active, and obliging, and her character in other respects is excellent. Remuneration is not so much her object as protection during the voyage, and on arriving at her destination. Unexceptionable references will be required. Apply by letter to Mrs. GEORGE WHATELY, Waterloo-street, Birmingham, with whom the Person referred to is now living as Lady's Maid and Upper Housemaid.

FUNDS are greatly REQUIRED for the Support of the HOSPITAL for CONSUMPTION, Brompton. 135 patients are waiting for admission, and 80 beds are empty for want of funds.

PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.
HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

MARGATE SEA-BATHING INFIRMARY. Patron—THE QUEEN.

Governors are requested to observe that Applications for the Admission of Patients into the Hospital by the Sea Side should be now made, as it Opens early in May. Office, 4, Dowgate-hill. C. J. ROWSELL, Secretary.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL, at MARGATE, or Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary, for the Scrofulous Poor of London, and of the Kingdom at large. Founded in 1796. Patron—THE QUEEN.

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The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will be held at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopgate-street, on WEDNESDAY, May 12th, on which occasion

The Earl of CARNARVON, President of the Charity, will take the Chair.

JOHN HODGSON, M.A., Hon. Sec.

Office, 4, Dowgate-hill, London. F. C. J. ROWSELL, Secretary.

NATIONAL or ROYAL SEA-BATHING HOSPITAL, at MARGATE.—The Rev. JOHN HODGSON, M.A. (late vicar of St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet), has the pleasure of stating that upwards of 2500 persons (most of them as annual subscribers) placed their names on his Five Shilling Auxiliary List in the year 1857. His desire and anxious wish on behalf of this most important Charity are that contributors from all parts of the kingdom would be pleased to send him, in post-office orders on Westminster Branch, or in stamps, 5s., or less, each with their names to be placed on his list, that it may be filled up with at least 5000 names, so that poor scrofulous children and others may be sent to the Hospital at the sea-side immediately that spring weather commences. The Managers are about to build new wards for the reception of 100 more children, in full reliance upon public support.

Address Rev. J. HODGSON, 3, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. Papers concerning the Charity will be sent when required.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SEASON 1858.

The approach of another Season lays upon the Direction of Her Majesty's Theatre the welcome duty of acknowledging the continued kindness and confidence by which its friends have never failed to supply a sure guarantee of success, and a constant stimulus to new exertions.

The past year was distinguished by events which call for especial recognition. The gracious selection of Her Majesty's Theatre as the scene of the Royal Festivals, on the auspicious occasion of the Nuptials of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, has added new lustre to the historical distinction which the Opera House has so long enjoyed as the favoured resort of the Court and Aristocracy of Britain.

The Director has again to record his grateful appreciation of the noble and munificent encouragement which, after achieving the re-establishment of the Theatre, has continued year to year to maintain for the Opera of London its fitting place among the successful institutions of Europe. That position is now amply recognised in every Continental Capital, and the approving verdict of the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre is universally accepted as the highest testimonial which an artist can produce.

The last year has contributed to extend, as well as to elevate, the influences of the establishment, and to exhibit it in the largest sense as a National Institution. The Subscribers, by whose effective encouragement during the Season the experiment of a supplementary series of popular performances was alone rendered possible, will have the gratification of knowing that they have not only secured and improved for themselves their accustomed recreation, but have been the means of conferring upon a wider circle the refined enjoyments of the Highest Musical Art.

The Operatic features of the last Season must still be fresh in the memory of all. Besides other additions to the talent secured in former years, the resources of the Theatre were enriched by the acquisition of a Tutor whose artistic genius and surpassing sweetness of voice were instantaneously recognised by the judgment of musical connoisseurs, and by the instinctive appreciation of every lover of melody. The Direction has been fortunate enough to retain the invaluable aid of Madlle. PICCOLINI, Signor GUGLIELMI, and all the vocalists who contributed to past success; and is able to announce, in the approaching *début* of Madlle. TITIENS, an event which it is believed will distinguish the Season of 1858, as the first appearance of Signor GUGLIELMI marked that of 1857.

It is seldom that nature lavishes on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to form a great Soprano. A voice whose register entitles it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. The melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are scarcely more common. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation are indispensable; and to these the Prima Donna should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice unless they are illumined by the fire of genius.

How nearly the high ideal is approached by Madlle. TITIENS, and how much more nearly it may hereafter be reached under the same genial encouragement which has developed the powers of so many aspirants, the friends of the Opera will have an early opportunity of judging.

The Director has again the satisfaction of expressing his sincere gratitude to all his artistic friends within the Theatre, for the unflinching zeal and devotion which have enabled him to record the completion of another season without a single deviation from the performances announced.

Each representation will be made as effective as possible, and the Director hopes, by unceasing exertions, to meet the continued confidence of Subscribers and the Public.

OPERA.

Medlles. THERESA TITIENS (Principal Soprano of the Imperial Opera, Vienna), SPERZA, OTTOLINI, LUCIONI LANDI (of the Scala, Milan, and principal theatres of Italy, her first appearance), GHIIONI (of the principal theatres of Italy, her first appearance), SORDINA, GRAMAGLIA, Madame ALBONI, and Madlle. PICCOLINI.

Signors GUGLIELMI, BELLE, MATTEOLI (of La Scala, Milan; Teatro Regio, Turin; Royal Theatre, Madrid, his first appearance), BENNETT, ROSSI, ALDOGHIERI, MENCIALI, CASTELLI, VALLETTI, and BELLETTI.

DIRECTORS OF THE MUSIC AND CONDUCTORS.—The ability shown by Sig. ARDITI, engaged during the past successful Winter Performances, has induced the Direction to retain his valuable services, and Sig. BONETTI, whose talented exertions have given general satisfaction, has been re-engaged, and will arrive immediately after the termination of the Italian Opera Season at Paris.

BALLET.

Medlles. POCCHINI, ANETTA ORSINI (of La Fenice, Venice, her first appearance in England), BOLLA, ERNESTINA BIOLETTI (her first appearance), PASQUALE, MONIACCHI, BOCHETTI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and Madame ROSATI.

M. DURAND, M. ALFRED CARON, (of the Académie Impériale, Paris, his first appearance).

The Corps de Ballet will be composed of Pupils of the School of Instruction and others selected with care.

Director of the School of Instruction and Maître de Ballet, M. MASSOT; Régisseur de la Danse, M. PETIT; Leader of the Ballet, M. NADAUD.

An engagement has also been effected with the eminent Maître de Ballet, Sig. ROTA.

The *Répertoire* will consist of a Selection from the Works of MEYERBEER, BELLINI, VERDI, DONIZETTI, ROSSINI, and MOZART.

The first work to be produced will be (first time at this Theatre) MEYERBEER's Grand Opera of LES HUGUENOTS; Valentine, Madlle. TITIENS; Raoul, Signor GUGLIELMI, which has been for a long time in active preparation, and will be produced on a scale and with an effect worthy of this great work. The minor, as well as the principal parts, will be effectively filled. The Scenery has been prepared with great care. The First Act will comprise a Scene, drawn from Nature, on the picturesque banks of the Loire, the locality of the Action. The other Scenes will present features of great interest. The Dresses will be historically correct.

Afterwards will be produced (first time at this Theatre) VERDI's Opera of LEISA MILLER; Luisa Miller, Madlle. PICCOLINI; the Libretto founded on the celebrated Drama of Schiller, *William Tell*.

Other Novelties are in contemplation, and amongst them, should the arrangements of the Season permit, it is intended to produce FLOTOW's Opera of MARTHA. The engagement of Madlle. TITIENS will enable the Direction to resume several Works that have not been given for years. A New Ballet, by M. MASSOT, is in active preparation, in which Madlle. POCCHINI, who has arrived in London, will appear, entitled FLEUR DES CHAMPS. The general favourite, Madlle. MARIE TAGLIONI, will arrive early in May. The Subscription will consist of Thirty Nights, and the terms will be as follow:—Pi Boxes, 150 Guineas; Grand Tier, 200 Guineas; One Pair, 150 Guineas; Two Pair, 100 Guineas; Pit Stalls, 25 Guineas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Theatre will OPEN on TUESDAY NEXT, April 13th, when will be produced, first time at this Theatre, MEYERBEER's Opera of LES HUGUENOTS (Gli Ugonotti). Valentine, Madlle. TITIENS; The Queen of Navarre, Madlle. ORSINI; The Page, Madlle. LANZI LUCIONI; Raoul de Nangis, Signor GUGLIELMI; Marcel, Signor VALLETTI; Count of Nevers, Signor ALDOGHIERI; and Count of St. Bris, Signor BELLETTI. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, Pages, Citizens, Soldiers, Students, Night Watch, Monks, Musicians, &c. Conductor, Signor ARDITI. With scenery, entirely new and original, by Mr. Marshall. Dresses, entirely new, and taken from the best authorities, by Madame Copere, and executed by M. Laureys and Mrs. Masterman. Principal Machinist, Mr. Sloman. Head of the Property Department, Mr. Bradwell.

The *Mise-en-Scène* and incidental Ballet by M. MASSOT. Description of the scenery:—Act I. Scene 1. Touraine—Saloon in the Castle of the Count de Nevers. This scene has been composed in the Renaissance style, age of Francis I. Scene 2. Park and Castle of Choucou. Composed from sketches made in the vicinity of Auchoise.—Act II. Paris.—Act III. Paris.—The Castle of De Nevers—Interior. Old French Gothic style, Renaissance architecture.—Act IV. Paris.—Chapel of the Huguenots—A Quarter of Paris. From the etchings of F.S. Silvestre.

The National Anthem will be sung after the Opera, the principal soprano part by Madlle. TITIENS.

In order that the great work, the HUGUENOTS, may be produced with the fullest effect, no Divertissement, except that incidental to the Opera, will be given on the first night.

The new Ballet Divertissement by M. MASSOT, entitled LE RENVOI DE L'AMOUR, will be produced on THURSDAY, the 15th instant (it being a subscription night in lieu of Saturday, July 24th), for the first appearance of Madlle. PICCOLINI.

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